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Children's Newspaper, July 5, 1930

The C.N. for a Lonely Child Anywhere for 11s a Year
See back page

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL
The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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ALL LAWNS LEAD TO WIMBLEDON

See Page Seven

EDITH BROWN OF INDIA

THE GREAT WORK SHE IS DOING

Happier and Healthier Lives for Mothers in the East

STORY OF AN UNTOUCHABLE

At a place called Ludhiana in the Punjab an Englishwoman who is a skilled surgeon and physician, Dr Edith M. Brown, started in 1894 the North India School of Medicine for Christian Women. She is happily still active in her great task of training Indian women to give help to their sisters.

Since the school was inaugurated over 800 women have been trained; 191 are doctors, 132 nurses, 119 dispensers, and the others are skilled in helping the mothers of India.

A Clever Child

In England we can have the doctor in a few minutes when we are ill; a call on the telephone, a car, and there he is! But in India there are few doctors or nurses, and without the nurses trained by Dr Brown thousands would have to suffer without relief.

In the book on Sister India which is now being widely read one of these helpers is called Sapphire, and her story is like that of many others.

She was an Untouchable, one of the sixty million outcasts who live in Indian villages despised and helpless. So low was she in the scale that when the missionaries admitted this little orphan to their school in a time of famine she was dirty, starving, and footsore. She proved a clever child, and when her schooldays were over she chose to go to Ludhiana, where she studied hard to be a doctor.

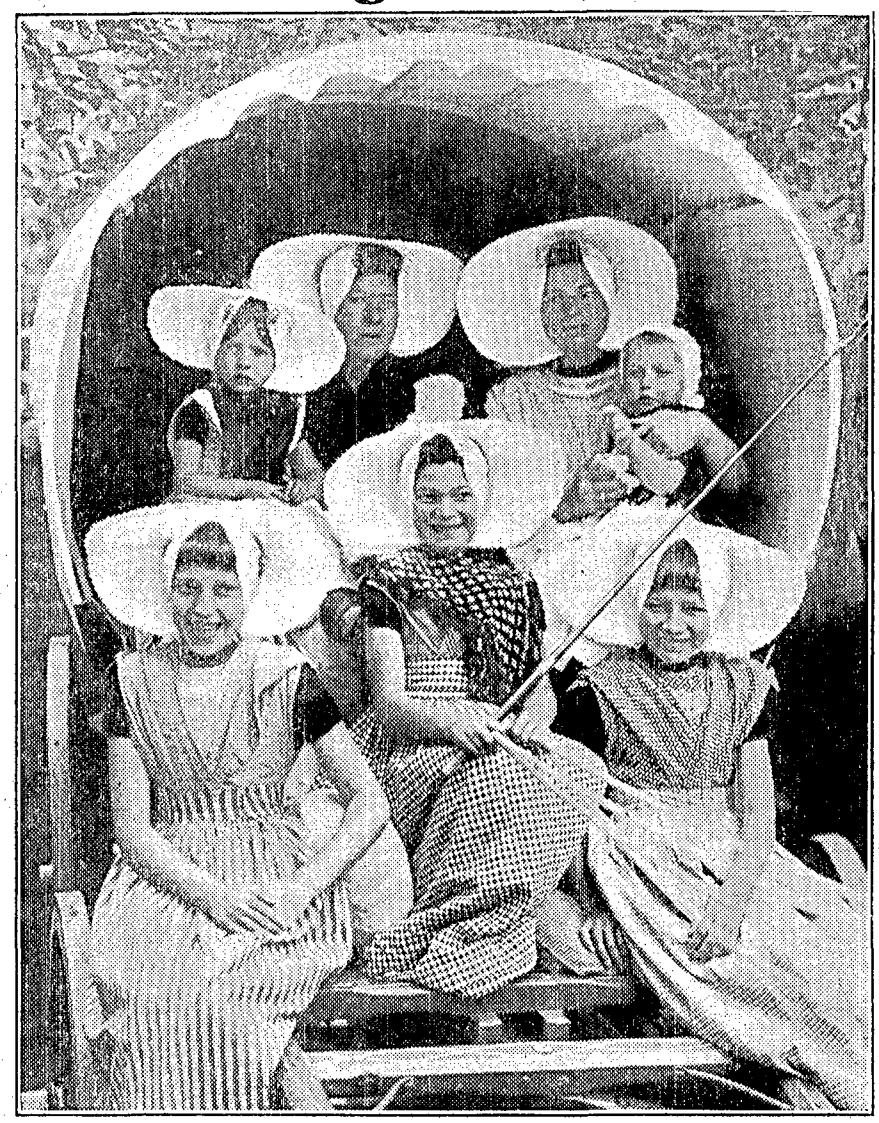
An Unused Garage

In course of time Sapphire became a qualified doctor. Where was she to go? There came news of an out-of-the-way place where the missionaries were needing someone to begin medical work. There was "no hospital, no dispensary, nothing but a great need." But Sapphire went. She found an unused garage, and this she divided into two, one part for a consulting room, the other for a waiting room. Outside the garage, in the shade of the trees, she put two portable stoves, and on these, in oil tins, the instruments are boiled. For Sapphire believes just as firmly as our own doctors in spotless cleanliness.

She has no hospital yet, but there is a little house with mud floors in which she can make room for a few patients.

It is only necessary to think of such helpers to see how much has been done in Ludhiana, but very many more are needed. There are so many villages in India that it is said if in the 1930 years since the birth of Christianity someone could have visited one village a day he would not have reached the last one yet!

Riding to Market



The ancient town of Middelburg in Holland is familiar to thousands of British holiday-makers who make excursions there from resorts on the Belgian coast. Every Thursday the peasants from the surrounding country go in to the town for the market.

THE SWALLOW HATH FOUND HER A NEST

A CHARMING little story comes from Tiffield, near Towcester in Northamptonshire, where a beautiful verse from the 84th Psalm finds realisation:

The swallow hath found a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even Thine altars.

It is not the altar at Tiffield beneath which the swallow has built, but an arch in the church, a few feet from the organ. There two pairs of swallows have set up home, have laid their eggs, and are rearing their young. They have indeed found sanctuary, as human fugitives did for many an age when the church afforded the only security for the oppressed in all our land.

It makes the Tiffield coincidence the more striking that many letters have been appearing in the press lamenting once more the eviction of house martins by pugnacious sparrows. Every year the number of our martins seems to decrease. The trapping of the birds in Europe during their migration to or from Africa and unseasonable storms and gales are among the causes of this. A new addition to the handicap of the martin is the remaking and tarring of our roads and the great spread of houses and bungalows into the country, which tend to the reduction of the supply of mud from which to make their nests. It seems the unkindest cut of all when, having built a nest or returning to renew an old one, they find sparrows in possession. These little parasites, combining in numbers to defeat the rightful owners, must seem, with their powerful beaks and formidable courage, as determined enemies of the fortunes of martins as wild dogs of the fortunes of flocks.

A VERY HUSTLED BUILDING

A good example of American hustle is seen in a building which has been completed in Wall Street, New York.

As soon as it became empty last year the house-breakers got to work and in a month the building was completely destroyed. Exactly 33 weeks later a building 71 storeys high had been built in its place and was occupied.

THE WEDDING GOWN

AWKWARD MOMENTS FOR A PRINCESS

What Should Be Done With the Royal Sleeves?

THE POPE'S WAY OUT

A pretty little incident connected with the wedding of the Crown Prince of Italy and Princess Marie José of Belgium has only just been made public. It is not without its humorous side.

It appears that the Crown Prince desired that the bridal gown should be made by an Italian dressmaker. The Princess, being both docile and sensible, had acceded to the request, only hoping, in her heart of heart, that the dressmaker would be a good one, for she was superstitious, and had no mind to try on her wedding gown before she put it on for the ceremony.

On the Wedding Morn

When the dress was brought to the Princess on the morning of the wedding day she discovered with dismay that she could not get her hands through the sleeves. The sleeves looked all right, but they were so tight that, small as her hands are, she could not get them through. What was to be done?

The first thing, of course, was to send for the dressmaker. But, though his reputation was at stake and he was distracted, he was unable to remedy matters: the sleeves could not be made wider and there was no time to put in new ones. The bridegroom was summoned, the King and Queen of Italy were consulted, and all stood round the unfortunate frock racking their brains in vain for a way out of the difficulty. It almost seemed as if the ceremony would have to be postponed when the Crown Prince had an inspiration.

"Cut them off!" he said.

A Strict Rule

No sooner said than done; and no sooner done, alas! than repented of, for it was remembered that the young couple had to present themselves to the Pope immediately after the ceremony, and that it was a strict rule never transgressed that women received by the Pope must appear in high-necked, long-sleeved frocks.

Someone suggested telephoning to the Pope's household and explaining the trouble; but the high dignitary before whom the matter was laid did not see his way to any concessions. Then the Pope himself saved the situation. "Why," he said, as any benevolent and understanding old gentleman would have said, "tell those children to come to me in whatever attire they please. Nothing matters but that they should love one another and be happy."

And so the ceremony took its course, and it was a blithe and grateful young couple that some hours later knelt before the Pope to receive his blessing.

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A TEDDY BEAR FOR A CROWN

LITTLE MICHAEL OFF THE STAMPS

The Prodigal Father's Return to His Son

A CHILD AGAIN

Little Michael of Rumania has ceased to be a king, and no doubt the day will come when he will be truly thankful, for Rumania's ideas of kings are, to say the least, peculiar.

Little Michael's picture is going to be wiped off the stamps, his effigy erased from the coins of the land. Is he sorry for all that? Not he! If he has ceased to be a king he has become something much better—a child. For the first time in three years he has got leave to be a child again.



He was only a baby when his father, Prince Carol, resigned his right to the succession and went abroad; and he was not much more than a baby when his grandfather, King Ferdinand, died, and he himself became actual King of Rumania. After that his life became desperately serious, much too serious for his taste. He was continually being told that he must not do this and he must do that. He could not play much, hardly at all, in fact, for when he had finished lessons there were all sorts of tiresome ceremonies to go through and functions to perform at which he had to be very grave and stiff and dignified, like a grown-up person.

Worst of all, his mysterious father was away all the time, and it seemed as though he were never going to come back. He thought of him much oftener than people guessed, and sometimes he spoke of him to anyone who would listen, just to make sure that he wasn't dead. Once, when he was taken to see a film depicting a wreck, he asked anxiously: "Are you sure my Daddy isn't on that boat?" and another day, having found a toy motor-car among his presents, he whispered to his friends: "They *say* it's from my Uncle Nicholas, but I know it is from my Daddy."

In Fairy Tale Fashion

And now this queer Daddy is back once more, having come flying through the air in the wonderful modern fairy tale fashion. The people who were glad to get rid of him years ago have received him with open arms and acknowledged him as their sovereign. So, as there can hardly be two sovereigns at once (even in Rumania), it is obvious that little Michael is not one any longer. If he is not, then he can go back to his toys and his games.

His father, to mark the occasion of his return, has brought him from Paris, in exchange for the crown, a Teddy Bear. It is a particularly fine Teddy Bear, large and soft-furred; and if the prodigal father did rather underestimate his son's age when he bought it, Michael prizes it passionately. When, on the evening after his return, Carol took his little son for a drive through the streets of Bucharest, the boy entreated to be allowed to take his new toy with him. And so the people saw, sitting side by side in the car, the new King, the ex-King, and the Teddy Bear which little Michael has received in exchange for the crown.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aphides	Af-e-deez
Coire	Kwar
Dolet	Doe-lay
Esquimalt	Es-kwy-malt
Ludhiana	Loo-de-ah-na
Marat	Mah-rah
Worms	Vorms

GAS WITHOUT POISON

A Step Forward

At the World Power Conference in Berlin it was announced that coal gas has been made non-poisonous.

This is a "next step" which many may have hoped to see but few would have foretold so soon. Yet it is an improvement that is long overdue.

The gas that lights our rooms and streets or cooks the meals of many has undergone many improvements since Cornelius Whitehouse, a gun-barrel maker in the Midlands, made the gas pipes to lead it into our houses. It does not smell quite so badly (though there is room for improvement there), and it gives more light and heat.

But till now its smell has been one of the few safeguards against the risk of being poisoned by it, because of the warning thus afforded of its presence.

If it can be made non-poisonous, as the engineers say, and the smell can be eliminated, coal gas will hold its own for a long time yet against electricity for many purposes.

THE NEW JOB

An Englishman who has spent a year at Princeton has returned with the feeling that young Americans look at business more sensibly than we do.

Instead of thinking a business career less dignified than the work of a soldier, a lawyer, or a teacher, they regard it as the most direct means of bettering the lot of their fellows.

One day an Englishman heard the son of a distinguished professor say to his father that he was going to clean up the world.

The undergraduate was not going to lead a crusade. He was merely filled with enthusiasm over getting a job in a soap factory!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FRIEND

When the mothers and widows of the American soldiers who fell in the Great War visited France to see the graves where the brave sleep the sleep that cannot be broken there was among them a very old lady of 91.

She was Mrs Hutchens, and she had been a great friend of Abraham Lincoln. What memories the graves must have awakened in this old lady, who had seen other graves of others of her countrymen, and perhaps of her relatives, who had fallen in the Civil War in America. More than sixty years had passed between the two wars, but they had this in common—that they were fought for the sake of freedom and to make the world safe for democracy.

SHIP ASHORE

A strange prank the floods in France played with the Saone and a steamer.

The Saone is a staid river, slow and discreet, but the floods turned it into the fields. Near Dijon the steamer La Ville de Nancy mistook the river channel and steamed clear away from it into one of the flooded allotments.

There it stuck and there it had to remain, with no better hope than that a new and heavier flood might lift it out again. Its cargo has been taken out, and the Ville de Nancy will presently become like the scriptural lodge in a garden of cucumbers.

THE LOCUSTS IN MOROCCO

To combat a recent invasion of locusts in Morocco nearly two million pounds weight of poison was sent to the district of Marrakesh, and 81 railway wagons were used in distributing it.

At the same time large quantities of antidote to the poison were supplied to the local doctors to treat cases of poisoning due to eating the poisoned locusts.

TELEVISION WILL COME

The Idea of the Future Forging Ahead

Important advances are being made in the television world, both here and in America.

A broadcasting station is being erected at Hendon from which Mr Baird hopes, early in October, to send pictures and music every day. Many people have installed his Televisor in their homes, and although the picture screen is small, the image is wonderfully good. Mr Baird has not only simplified his little instrument but has greatly improved the pictures it receives.

Dr Alexanderson, of the General Electric Company in New York, has discovered how to increase the size of the television screen so much that an audience of two thousand people can see the picture. A television camera a mile away sent pictures on to a screen in New York the other day six feet by seven feet in size, and the living image was quite clearly seen.

Although it may seem that television is a long time in coming, those experimenting with it are making progress all the time, and experiments are already being made to include television items in ordinary kinematograph programmes.

A JUDGE'S EXAMPLE

Scotland's Chief Justice, Lord Alness, has given a lead to judges before whom drunken motorists come for trial. The Chief Justice sentenced one of them to 18 months' imprisonent and a fine of £750.

It was a particularly bad case. The car which the man was driving early in the morning was travelling at 35 miles an hour. It knocked down a six-year-old boy who afterwards died.

Such are the bare facts of the case, in which the Chief Justice said there was not a single redeeming feature.

Thousands of lives are lost on the roads every year. Some are due to causes which will continue while the motor-traffic increases. But the risks are increased enormously when people under the influence of drink are in charge of cars they cannot control. No punishment can be too severe for them, and nothing but the utmost severity will avail to check the accidents which are due to criminal carelessness.

ONE IN FOUR FAMILIES IS A LANDLORD

It is said that of the families of Great Britain, which number over nine millions, two and a half millions are now living in houses which they either own, or are subscribing for through building societies.

This is a very great achievement for the building society movement, which has made tremendous progress since the war. One reason is that people are increasingly living a little way out of town and exchanging uncomfortable apartments in cities for little homes where green fields and trees are either around them or close at hand.

TELEPHONES FOR THE BLIND

No sooner have we become accustomed to the automatic telephone, where, on a ring with holes for letters and figures, we find our wanted number for ourselves, than another invention comes in sight.

This is the automatic telephone for the blind which the Paris Post Office has designed. Over the ordinary disc another ring is fitted, with numbers and letters in Braille. The blind person can easily slip it over the disc, and then is able to find letters and numbers with as much ease as those of us who are blest with sight can.

PLOVER CALLING

A Tale of the Heather

Whenever we read anything about the plover it recalls to our minds the glad thought that plover's eggs may not be sold in the shops this month or next as a delicacy for gluttonous people.

The plover is such a delightful bird, so gay, so harmless, and so cunning. Here is yet another story about it.

On the Eaglesham moors in Scotland a man on a walk among the heather was suddenly brought to a halt by a plover which plumped screeching in front of him. It went on lifting its plaintive shrill whistle (the Scots sometimes call the plover the Whaup, from its cry) and began running to and fro in front of the walker.

When he stepped forward the plover flitted away to the right. As clearly as it could it asked the man to follow it. He did so, and came at last to where a young plover was tangled up in a bundle of sheep's wool, and was as near being strangled as could be.

The unwitting Good Samaritan disentangled its little claws and released it, while the parent hopped distractedly about a short distance away. Then he let it go, and we should like to add that the plover whistled a word of thanks. But the truth is, as anyone who knows the ways of plovers could foretell, that thirty seconds after the young plover had been released it had disappeared as completely as if it had never been, and its parent had gone with it.

A GREAT MAN'S NAME

Stained By a Little Man

All the world has gathered peace and beauty from the picture of the peasants listening to the Angelus, which Jean François Millet painted. All the world will be saddened by the stain cast on the name of Millet by the painter's fraudulent grandson.

Jean Charles, the grandson, traded on his grandfather's famous name by selling pictures which were forgeries, but which the buyers supposed he might have inherited directly or indirectly from the painter.

Some of the pictures came to London, others no doubt went to New York, and reputable art-dealers sold them to willing purchasers. The fraud was discovered, Millet admitted the charges, and he is now in prison.

Some of the buyers of the spurious pictures will no doubt get their money back, but the offender has not only disgraced the name of Millet, he has cast the blight of suspicion on many another painting of the French masters of the nineteenth century besides those he forged, and so has damaged many reputations besides his own.

It is a sad example of what happens when character goes and a man forgets his debt to those who gave him his opportunities.

THINGS SAID

It is work, not wealth, that makes life worth living. Mr J. A. Dewar

Babies are not helpless. They have no weapon but a cry and it gets them anything. A Mother to the Editor

I direct that my executors shall not collect any debts owing to me.
A tradesman's will in Oxfordshire

My boy, don't kick! Even a mule has to stop when he kicks.
The Scout Bulletin

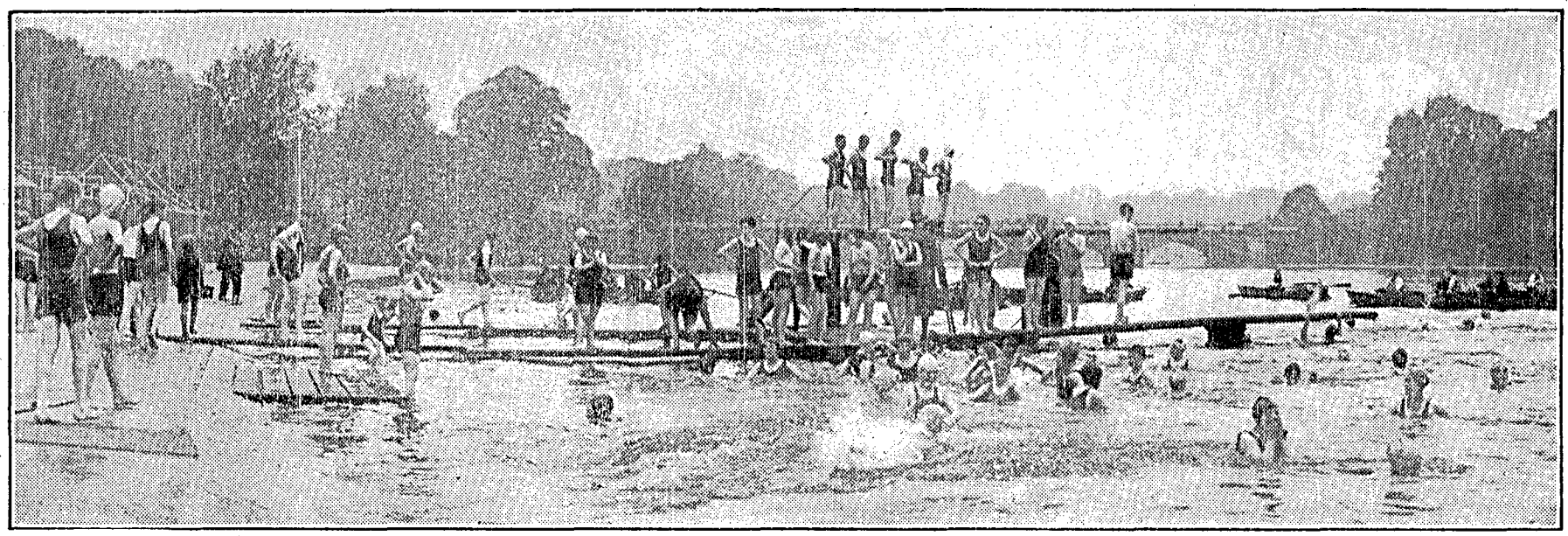
I have been terribly tired of wearing long trousers and going to places where I did not want to go to.
Little Michael of Rumania

A very large number of men today have given up smoking. The Chief Scout

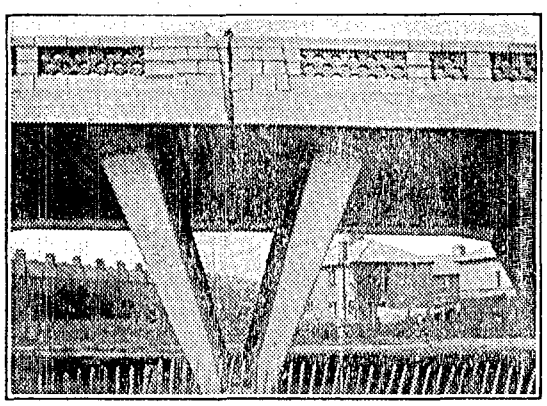
If Samuel Smiles lived today he might rewrite his Self-Help and call it Smiles's State Help. Lord Leverhulme

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A CURIOUS BRIDGE · ELEPHANT'S OUTING · STARTING AT THE TOP

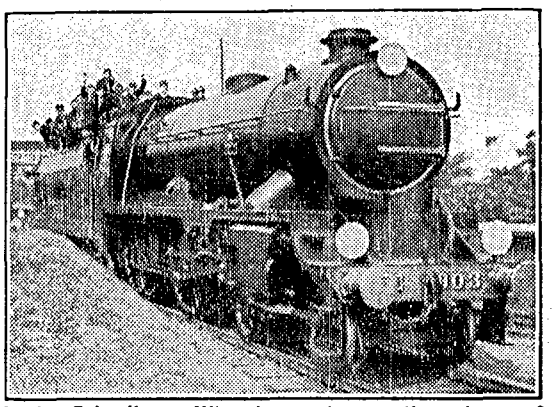


A London Beach—Judging by this animated scene Mr Lansbury's arrangements for mixed bathing in the Serpentine are proving very popular with Londoners. See page 8.

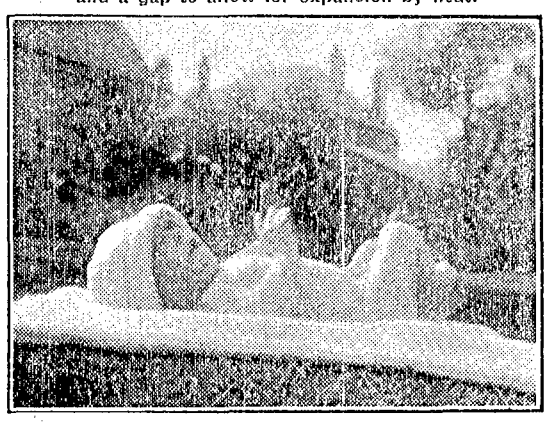


A Novel Bridge—This new bridge, which carries the North Circular Road at Hale End, has curious supports and a gap to allow for expansion by heat.





Lucky Schoolboys—Who does not envy these boys of Charterhouse School just off for a trial trip on the new Southern Railway locomotive named after their school.

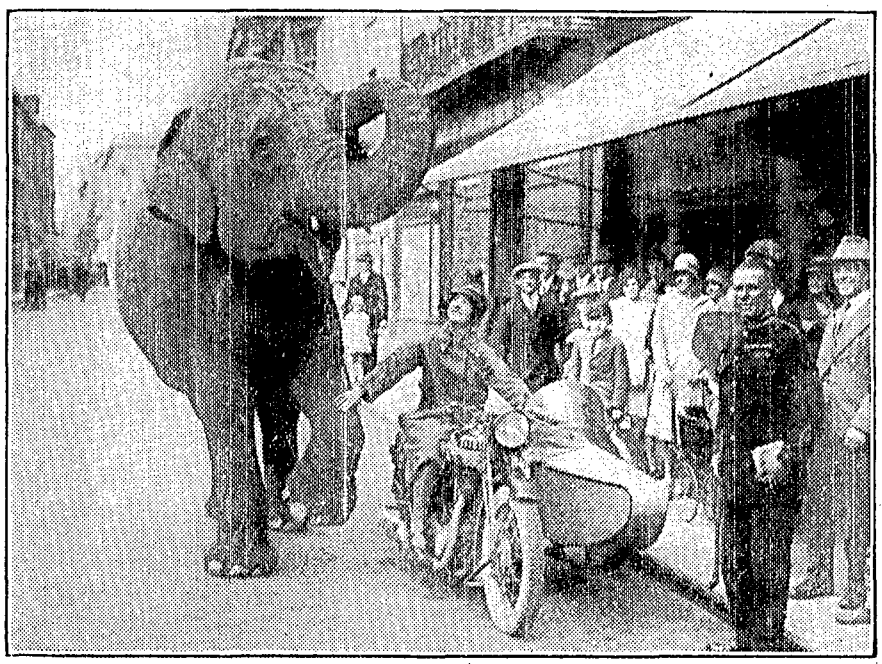


Nature's Own Sculpture—Here is a sculpture Epstein could not match, fashioned by Nature herself—a C.N. reader growing up into a world when all our C.N. dreams will have come true.

Anxious to Be Off—Mother Baboon at the London Zoo is afraid Baby will stray, and restrains him by keeping hold of his tail, just as a human mother will hold the dress of a restless child to keep it from running into danger.



Off to the Peaks—No wonder this group of Bermondsey schoolboys look so eager and happy. They are starting on a fortnight's walking tour in the Peak District as guests of the Duke of Rutland.



Heavy Traffic—A new traffic problem occurred in Cheltenham the other day when an elephant from a local circus was exercised in the streets, as this picture shows.



Starting at the Top—This workman is engaged in one of the biggest works of demolition ever undertaken in London, where Lever House, close to the C.N. office, is being pulled down.

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A WORD FROM TWO CHURCH DOORS

GREETING TO THE PASSER-BY

How Far a Good Deed Throws Its Beams

MEAVY TO VANCOUVER

Here is a story of how far a good deed can shine and repeat itself in this kindly world.

Some time ago we told how we of the C.N., when crossing Dartmoor, were drawn aside to the little village of Meavy, where the tiny Meavy River leaves the edge of the moor to tinkle down to the Plym and reach the sea through Bickleigh Vale.

The loadstone that drew us aside from the main road was the village school, where a copy of Drake's Drum is used to call the boys together.

A Token of Goodwill

Near the school is the little old church, with a notice on its door inviting any reverent passer-by to enter. A most fraternal spirit spoke through that notice.

The church is left open (it said) for the greater glory of God and as a token of the goodwill of the parishioners toward any brethren who, passing through the village, may wish to visit their Father's house.

We were so pleased with the whole notice that we copied it and gave it in the C.N. in admiration of its spirit, binding in a sacred fellowship the villagers, the stranger passing by, and those who in the past had loved and toiled and dreamed and gone to rest in that quiet place.

In the Far Pacific

And now comes the sequel. Across the 3000 miles of the Atlantic and the 3000 miles of Canada, beyond the mainland, on Vancouver Island, near by Victoria, the island capital of British Columbia, is the British naval station of the Pacific Ocean, Esquimalt. First used as a hospital for wounded seamen during the Crimean War (for the fighting then extended to the Pacific) Esquimalt became 65 years ago an Admiralty dockyard for repairs, and 64 years ago the parish church of St Paul's was built—the fourth church to be built on the island of Vancouver. There ever since have worshipped the men on duty at this naval outpost, and the Admiralty has subscribed to its upkeep. The rector of St Paul's is also naval chaplain.

The Invitation Repeated

Few places can be more beautiful than Esquimalt. A pine-clad peninsula, with the ocean surrounding it on three sides; at the base of the peninsula, some miles away, the city of Victoria with the fine new cathedral we have already described in the C.N. Far away to the south, across the Strait of Juan de Fuca, are the snow-clad Olympic Mountains of the United States; and here, on the shores of the Pacific, 6000 miles away from quiet Meavy, the invitation to the passer-by to enter and pray is now repeated because the rector, Rev Frederic C. Chapman, saw it in the C.N., and admired its spirit and purpose. In Esquimalt it appears in the church porch beautifully illuminated by an artist in the office of Mr J. C. M. Keith, architect of Victoria's new cathedral.

Writing to the Editor of the C.N. the rector of this far-distant parish of St Paul's says: "It will interest you to know that the C.N. is read by a growing group on this island. I find it more enlightening than many of the journals which come to our hands in this part of the world. Its merit, in our view, is its entirely satisfactory selection and presentation of news not only for the young but for grown-ups. Its appeal is so sane and wholesome that I eagerly recommend it to all."

That we should have been the means of linking together Meavy and Esquimalt by transmitting this gracious instance of human friendliness and truly religious feeling is to us a cause of thankfulness, and we are glad to send the inscription again upon its mission near and far. These are the words that hang in two church porches with the Pacific Ocean rolling between:

The door of this church will generally be found open till dusk for private prayer.

The church is so left open for the greater glory of God and as a token of the goodwill of the parishioners toward any brethren who, passing through the village, wish to visit their Father's house.

Brethren, disturb not the sanctity of this place, nor the repose of those who lie around it, by any irreverent or unseemly conduct. Finally, brethren, pray for us, for him who ministers and those who worship here, that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit may be with us.

ANOTHER LOST ATLANTIS?

The Mystery of Easter Island

Outside the British Museum stands a stone image which came all the way from Easter Island in the Pacific and is a symbol of one of the unsolved mysteries of forgotten races of men.

Professor Macmillan Brown, Chancellor of the University of New Zealand, who is now in London, has had something to say about this great stark idol; but though he has spent half a lifetime in studying the relics of ancient civilisations in the Pacific and on its shores he can offer no other explanation than that Easter Island may be the last fragment of a lost land, sunk beneath the waves like the legendary Atlantis.

Regiment of Stone Sentinels

The statue outside the museum is only a smaller brother of the regiment of stone sentinels which march down to the lonely shore of Easter Island. There are hundreds of them, some over 30 feet and weighing more than 100 tons—all these on a little island, 2000 miles from anywhere, and having now a population of about 100. Its fifty barren square miles could never have supported enough men to haul those tremendous stone images into position after quarrying them. It would have been a task needing the strength of thousands of men.

But, as the soundings made two years ago by the non-magnetic yacht Carnegie showed, there are scores of sunken submarine islands about Easter Island. There are also great submarine ridges, a mile high, running along the coast toward this part of the Pacific.

These ridges would favour great submarine earthquakes. It is possible that in one or more of them a whole archipelago of islands about Easter Island was swallowed up by the Pacific Ocean, and the race of stone-builders and image-makers went with it.

An Ancient Cataclysm

Easter Island alone remained as a witness to that ancient cataclysm. Till a generation ago a few people of a strange race lived there, possibly descendants of the lost one. They, too, have gone, leaving their tale untold.

A rather strange commentary on this theory is that a short time ago Easter Island was reported to have disappeared, completely submerged after a submarine earthquake which made its tremors felt in distant continents.

Professor Brown thinks that the island archipelago and its people disappeared some time between the end of the 16th and the end of the 18th centuries. It was in those 200 years that a new empire was founded in North America. It would be strange if we might think that an unknown empire disappeared in that period 2000 miles east of South America, leaving only these stones as its funeral monument.

Continued from the previous column

STOOPING TO CONQUER

The Cow in the Garden

UNUSUAL ADVENTURES OF OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

By Our Natural Historian

There is nothing funnier in the adventures of Alice or in the fables of Aesop than in the true stories of a cow and of a horse which have recently given evidence of intelligence, almost a sense of humour, it might seem, untaught and undesired.

First things first. Friends calling at the house of a gentleman in the country discovered certain plants peculiarly mauled and uprooted, far too big a mouthful for rabbits, far too heavy a pull for anything but an ostrich. The gardener suggested a cow.

But how had a cow got into the garden, which was protected against the adjoining meadow by a fence of posts and wires? Obviously the animal had not scaled the gate, and the fence was unbroken.

To the astonishment of the gardener one of the party insisted that the cow had got under the wire; and though the gardener was sceptical, fortunately for the credit of the theorist another member of the party explored the fence and came to a spot where the lowest wire was bent up, and had cow's hair attaching to it. The cow had got under the wire as a puppy gets under a gate, and she was there, ready to do so again.

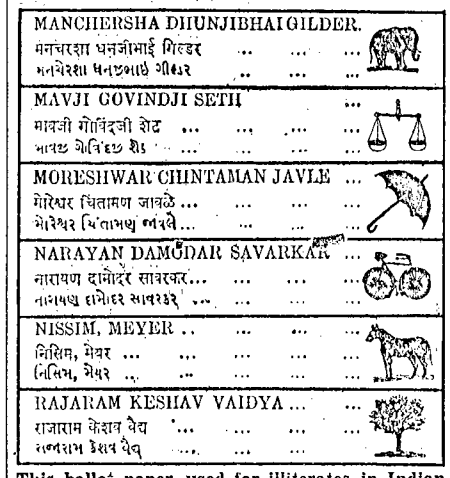
Now for the horse. It was about to compete in a race at Manchester and the race was to be started by the raising of a tape. Just before the race should have begun this extraordinary animal went down on its knees, threw off its rider, and crawled under the tape. Then it rose, galloped a little distance to some rails, knelt again, crawled under, regained its feet, and raced off home to its stable, the happiest horse in England.

The feat of the cow was discovered by inference; the feat of the horse was witnessed by thousands who, at first dumb with astonishment, broke into a chorus of laughter which might have been heard for miles.

Tricks like these have from time to time been recorded of cattle and horses, and are in the books which illustrate the intelligence of animals. One of the best examples is not there. It was a Shetland pony which got out of its field a dozen times a day by creeping, but was so cunning that never once did it do so while its owner watched. There is a lot of native guile and merriment in animals.

E. A. B.

THE PICTURE VOTING PAPER



This ballot paper, used for illiterates in Indian elections, is reproduced from the Blue Book on India described in last week's C.N. Candidates are represented by symbols, and if the voter cannot sign his name he makes his thumb-print on the paper

FRUITS OF THE SUMMER SUN

THE BAD WITH THE GOOD

The Incredible Hordes of Garden Pests This Year

BLESSINGS AND BANES

The glowing sunshine of a protracted summer such as we had last year is followed by results which, on balance, are beneficial to humanity, but in an imperfect world our gifts have the defects of their qualities and a price must be paid for our blessings.

It was not only fruits for the service of man that ripened in abundance last year: life forms which are a pest to us multiplied beyond all calculation. We are experiencing a pest season. Last summer brought forth generation after generation of insects where, under less favourable conditions, we should have had only one or two generations. There was not time for the enemies of these insects to multiply in corresponding ratio. That provision of policing takes years.

Daddy-Longlegs

The result was that incredible hordes of insect larvae spent the winter hibernating or lurking in seclusion. Not all that should have hibernated did so. The mild winter enabled myriads of leather-jackets to be active when they should have been fast locked in sleep.

Instead of sleeping they were eating, and pastures and lawns suffered extraordinarily. They in turn will become daddy-longlegs, of which each female, unless disaster overtakes her, will lay from between two and three hundred eggs to become leather-jackets and carry on the cycle.

Similar success in life attended the moths, and this year caterpillars are so numerous upon all growth which they can attack as to suggest the proportions of an Egyptian plague. The aphides, greenfly and black, swarm with unnecessary vigour and this summer are attacking growths which are generally immune.

The insects which most disturb people in the country are the wasps, and the present season threatens to be an almost record one. Many letters concerning their numbers have appeared in the papers, the most striking being that from a vigilant man living at Broadbridge Heath, Horsham.

War on Wasps

He began well in the spring of last year by having 900 queen wasps destroyed, followed later in the year by the destruction of more than 300 nests. This year, before the summer had got into its stride, he managed to have no fewer than 1100 queen wasps caught and killed.

When we realise that the nest of a single queen wasp contains at least 10,000 wasps at the end of a prosperous season we get some idea of what the wasp population of the country must be after such a summer as 1929. The numbers quoted relate not to a district but to a single estate.

Truly summer blessings may be attended by summer banes.

World's Speed Record

It has been officially confirmed that Sir Henry Segrave made a new world's motor-boat record before his accident by travelling at 98·7 miles an hour.

Bugsworth No More

The name of the railway station at Bugsworth, Derbyshire, has been altered to Buxworth.

The Bursting Point

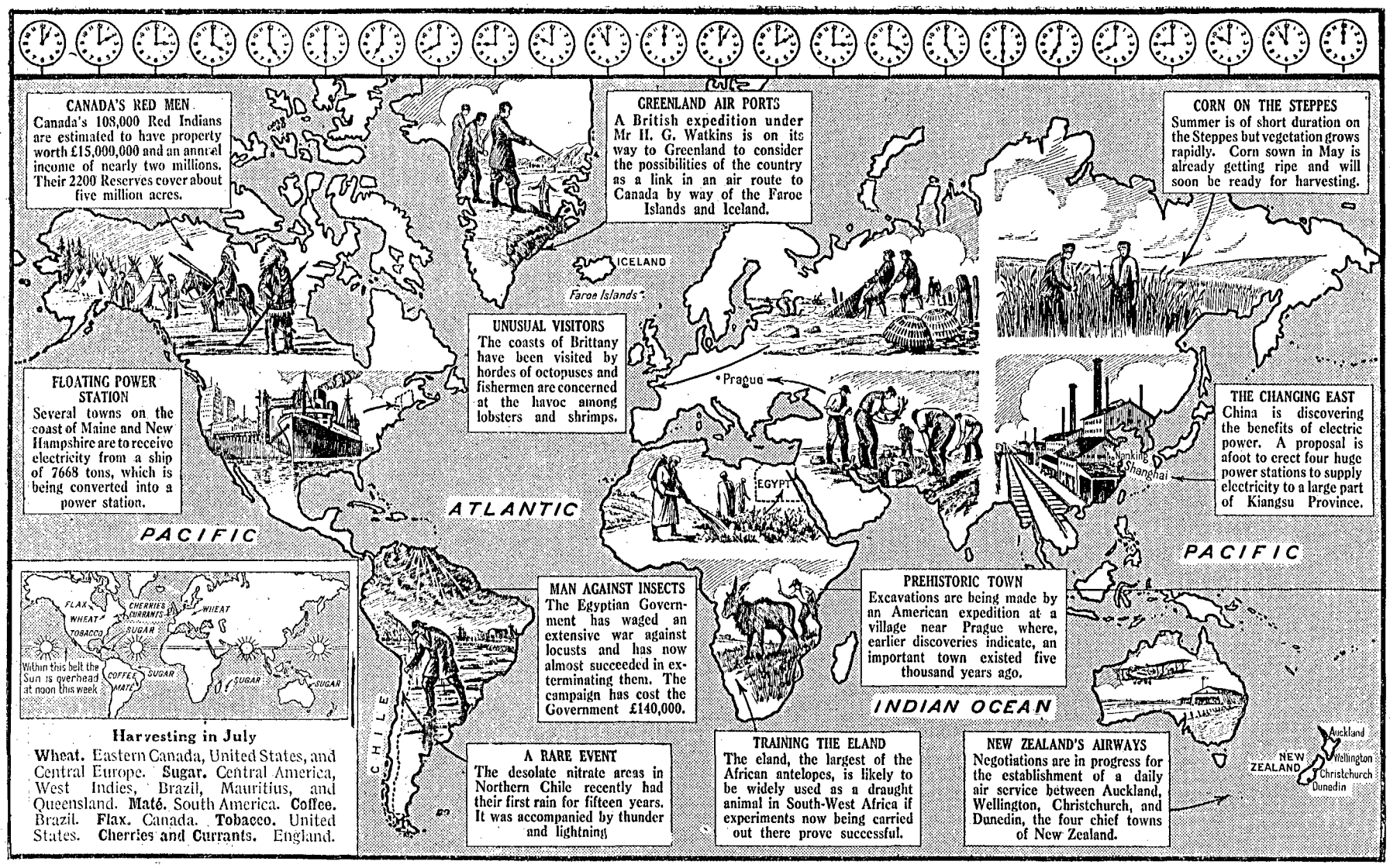
At a fête at Leighton Buzzard four men took turns at blowing up a cycle tube, and 3153 strokes of the pump were needed before it burst.

The Old Boat

A boat cut from a single tree trunk has been dug up from the moorland near Veckermuende, in Germany. It is thought to be 5000 years old.

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PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



BIG BEN'S HALFPENNY

The Little Tray in the Tower

Big Ben, as befits a timepiece which can make itself heard all over the world, is never more than a second out in striking the hour. The Astronomer-Royal tells us how it is done.

A halfpenny does it. This coin of the realm encourages Big Ben if he is too slow. It is placed on a tray halfway down the great pendulum, and this tiny addition is sufficient to make the pendulum swing faster.

If the pendulum is already swinging a thought too fast a halfpenny is taken out of Big Ben's pocket on the tray. The loss checks the pendulum's career and it begins to sway more thoughtfully and slowly. Big Ben is right again, never more than a second out.

It takes two seconds for the sound of the strike to reach Trafalgar Square, twice as much as Big Ben is ever out of time. Evidently the halfpennies are spent to advantage.

BEATRICE WILL NOT GO

By a Country Reader

Does the spirit of adventure burn as brightly in the Briton as it used to do?

Next door to the writer arrived two Swiss maids. Weary with tossing nine hours in the Channel in a fog after a third-class journey from Basle? Not a bit. Fresh and spick-and-span and eagerly smiling up at their new mistress as they went into the new home.

Said we in a little gust of enthusiasm to Beatrice, our parlourmaid, not yet twenty: "You ought to go to Switzerland, Beatrice, and see the world!"

"Ow now," said she of the county of Drake. "Ow now. Shouldn't care about it."

But, talking about adventurers, in a Kensington shop the other day we were informed that the man who usually waited on us was off to Greenland on an exploring expedition.

So we may all be slightly hopeful.

GEFFRYE AND HIS ALMSHOUSE

The London County Council do right to be proud of the Geffrye Museum, which all Londoners should go to see.

It was once an almshouse; and if its luck had been a little worse the charming old Georgian brick buildings which redeem the ugliness of the Kingsland Road might have been pulled down to make way for dwellings.

Instead of doing that the L.C.C., realising how few pretty old things (or fine new museums) the East End has to look upon, turned the old place into a museum called after the founder of the almshouse.

It did even better. This area of Shoreditch and Haggerston, not far from Curtain Road, is where all the furniture workshops of London are situated. It is the furniture and cabinet-making district. Here dwell the last of the London woodcarvers who work for the market. From here or hereabouts comes the furniture that fills thousands of middle-class London homes.

In order that the craftsmen, the cabinet-makers, the joiners, and the carpenters of the East End should have the best models before them, the L.C.C. filled the many little rooms of the old almshouse with some very good examples of old furniture.

Here the workman of today may see how the great cabinet-makers and turners and carvers of the eighteenth century executed their fine pieces of workmanship. Here also the Londoner who loves good work and beautiful furniture can see a valuable collection of it.

A COMFORT METER

Something new in the way of names for scientific instruments has been found by the manufacturers for an invention of Professor Leonard Hill.

This is called the kata-thermometer, or Comfort Meter, which is being used in houses and hospitals for checking the efficiency of ventilating systems.

ALL IN A LITTLE BOX

A Shillingsworth of Good Cheer

The Dutch bulb grower and the Babu are not the only people who can improve on the King's English.

The other day a member of the C.N. family bought a little box which bore this inscription:

To a cheer for loneliness, a cure for unhappiness, and an enchanting music which plays automatically as the wind blows. Its tinkling sound is so faccinating that it makes one cool in midsummer and cheers one up even in the dead of winter.

Cheapest and most amusing.

It is marvellous to think that one can buy all this (and the spelling as well) for a shilling. The thing that fascinates is called a Japanese Aeolian, but we cannot guarantee that everyone will find it enchanting. Some might call it aggranoying.

A SCENE IN PARIS

A few evenings ago, amid the glitter, bustle, and hum of the Avenue des Champs Élysées in Paris, a miserably-clad old man was carrying a basket of monkey nuts in the direction of the Arc de Triomphe.

Coming to a fashionable café, brilliantly illuminated, its chairs and tables outside all occupied by customers, he paused and unobtrusively proffered his nuts. Suddenly the manager of the café came forward and with a violent stroke of his hand flung the basket to the ground and scattered the nuts over the pavement.

The old man, small and weak, did not even dare to remonstrate. But in an instant there was a stir around the tables, a fumbling in pockets; here a franc and there a franc, and even five-franc notes were produced and handed to the old nut-seller as compensation for his loss and resentment at his treatment.

Meanwhile the manager looked on meek, silent, and uncomfortable, learning a lesson he will not soon forget.

THE NEW INVADER NOT SO NEW

The Grey Squirrel's Century

Nearly everybody who has noticed the spread of the wild grey squirrel of England has been under the impression that the invasion began only a few years ago, spreading from London outward. In a lecture at the Zoo Mr A. G. Middleton reveals the astonishing fact that these little grey rodents first appeared in freedom in our midst more than a century ago.

Who first brought them across the Atlantic does not appear, but grey squirrels were at large in Wales before 1828; they were introduced into Cheshire in 1876; two were shot near Nottingham 46 years ago; and in East Kent old people speak of them as having been known to their grandfathers.

Mr Middleton must have a grey squirrel map, for he has plotted 13,350 square miles over which they roam. They range the whole of South-East England and the Midlands. They have colonised Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Middlesex, Hampshire, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, Oxfordshire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, Bedfordshire, and parts of Cambridgeshire, Huntingdon, Hertfordshire, Wiltshire, and Gloucestershire.

Two centres of grey squirrel population are found in Yorkshire; all three Ridings have been penetrated. Durham has been reached; Loch Lomond and Dunfermline have their grey squirrels, and one centre has been established in Ireland, in County Longford.

There is no need to repeat the tale of the damage they do, which is only too well known; but it is comforting to hear that, in Mr Middleton's opinion, the grey squirrel cannot be held solely responsible for the diminishing numbers of the native red one.

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER
JULY 5 1930

The Price We Must Pay

PEACE is a big step nearer. We are sinking our battleships.

Does anyone realise the price we are paying for our share in a war we entered in the cause of justice and for the final Peace we are hoping for?

It is a staggering price, and no nation is paying anything like an equal share.

Let us say a little word for ourselves. We have treated the war costs in a spirit of high honour, with no sort of bargaining, and we have been left with by far the heaviest share of financial responsibility. We have shouldered debts that will be grievous to many generations. So much for the past. It has been done and cannot be helped. We may be sure the lesson it teaches will be well learned.

As regards the future its only recompense is the hope of a lasting escape from the scourge of war. That will be worth the almost ruinous sacrifice. But the approach to Peace is by a stony path. Still we must suffer and pay a heavy price.

We are genuinely following the ways of peace. We have cut down our Navy to half the size it was before the war. We have reduced our Army to the narrowest limits required for the policing of the widespread regions of our Commonwealth. We have pointed the way to peace and have walked in it. And in doing that *we have deprived a hundred thousand of our most skilled workmen of the usual means of earning their living*, for the making of naval and other armaments, for ourselves and other nations, was one of the greatest of British industries.

This we have done, and it is right that it should be known. And what of those who must join with us in this pursuit of peace unless the hope is to be in vain? Are they beating their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks? Some of them have no unemployed. They are busy in their armouries. They are seeking to make their frontiers impregnable with steel walls. They will not limit themselves in the provision of unlimited means of warfare under the seas and through the skies: forms of destruction most dangerous of all to the populations not actually engaged in war.

It is a terrible and cruel and shortsighted policy this persistent subjection to the military mind, and it is dying hard. The consolation is that soon those who trust in war will have no friends. Certainly they will be unwise to count on British help in any way, for ours is the way of Peace, and never again are we to march at the bidding of War as long as Justice shows us a way out.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



A Word With Mr Middle West

MR MIDDLE WEST, we said to the American visitor seated in our midst one evening, we hear you are not only a successful business man but a philosopher; what is your philosophy?

Waal, said the American with a slow broad smile, and then he went on: "It was my wife who taught it me. I had lost 45 dollars in the early days of our married life when we were having a desperately hard struggle. When I came to her in real despair, she said, after swallowing hard: 'Well, have a specially good dinner and forget it. If you don't *mind* a thing it never really hurts you.'

"I've gone on that saying ever since," said Mr Middle West; "you've no idea how it works!"

The Emperor's Eye

THERE is an interesting story, which we borrow from our weekly scientific friend Nature, of the astuteness of the Chinese Emperor Khang-hi, who reigned from 1662 to 1723.

Khang-hi was walking in fields where rice had been sown which would in the ordinary way yield its harvest in the ninth month of the year. It was only the sixth month, and Khang-hi noticed one plant already ripe. He had it picked, and sowed the rice in the royal gardens. Every year the rice multiplied, and for thirty years was used on the emperor's table. Khang-hi called it Imperial rice, and it came to be used on a large scale, because it ripened three months earlier than usual in the North, and in the South it was found possible to obtain two harvests a year.

So the sharp eye of an emperor proved a precious thing for his people.

A Country Girl's Apology to an Editor

My dear Mr Editor,
Christopher Dearwell is cutting a toof,
Christopher Dearwell is raising the roof,
Father and Auntie are teaching in school,
Grannie is staying with cousins in Poole,
Eva is scrubbing and dusting and cooking
And practising dance steps when no one is looking.
Mother, who ought to be pushing a pen,
Is pushing a pram down the highways of men.
The highways are hilly and dusty and hard,
By lorry and wagon extensively scarred.
The motor-coach smothers the walker in dust,
And Baby, if sleeping the sleep of the just,
Is sure to be waked by the motor-bike's roar
And start on his long ululations once more.
There's rest for the engine, the horse, and the tram,
But never, oh never, a halt for the pram.

Ah! Twentieth Century

LIVERPOOL is a fortunate city. She is to have two cathedrals, one planned by Sir Gilbert Scott and one by Sir Edwin Lutyens.

Sir Edwin's is to be a Roman Catholic Cathedral, and Dr Downey, the archbishop who asked him to build it, has been explaining why it will not be Gothic.

In days to come the archbishop hopes that tourists will exclaim when they see it: "Ah! Twentieth Century."

Gothic buildings are lovely, but they do not express the spirit of the present age.

Let the best Twentieth-Century building stand to remind those who come after us that the truest minds of our day loved simplicity and honesty. Luckily, most of our villas and bungalows will have crumbled before Liverpool's new cathedral begins to look weather worn.

Tip Cat

WE read that King Carol is to put Rumania on a firm basis. Perhaps he will then put Carol on a firm basis.

⊡

THE police department is said to be willing to accept any aid. Smallest contributions thankfully received.

⊡

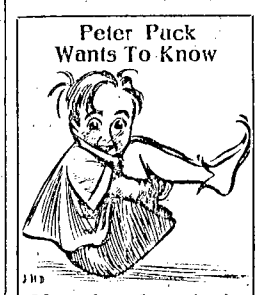
YOU can always judge a singer, they say, by the way he holds his notes. Or by the way he holds his audience.

⊡

PARIS has had a kindness week. We suggest one down in Somerset.

⊡

TRAFFIC Progress. With the aid of a Number Eleven Bus we have been able to reach Victoria from Fleet Street within 40 minutes of late.



If a bandmaster's is a good sound job

⊡

THOSE good old days when we could walk quietly home.

⊡

DEAR Peter Puck, We regret that we cannot allow you to ask if fishermen give their naughty children fishing smacks.

⊡

A POLICEMAN turned farmer has won a prize for his sugar-beet. Came off his other because there was no sugar in it.

⊡

GREAT men of the past are said to have been fond of publicity. Great men of the present know how to get it.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

DERBY sportsmen have raised £1000 for a bed in Derby Infirmary.

THE sale of 219 million anti-tuberculosis stamps in France last year yielded a profit of £160,000.

BLIND people travel cheaply on German railways with free passage for their dogs.

The Little Hills of Piccadilly

One of the loveliest peeps of London is the north side of the Green Park, with its little hills running like a piece of Sussex side by side with the pavements of Piccadilly.

THERE'S a country green and hilly
In the heart of London town;
By the side of Piccadilly
There's a hint of dale and down.
Though a park the people call it,
Yet the stars and sparrows know
That whatever may befall it
This was country long ago.

O, a park is made by railings,
By the plumb-line and the spade,
But a stronger thing than palings
Has encircled knoll and glade;
When they reaped at Euston Station,
When the Strand was up for hay,
Merlin said the incantation
That has kept the streets at bay:
"Very soft has been my sleeping
In thy shadow, gentle hill;
When the tide of change comes creeping
Be thou green and quiet still!"

THEN the buildings and uncleanness
Crept around it and around,
But they left an isle of greenness
Like a plot of faery ground,
Like a thought of cottage posies,
Like a tune we knew of old,
Like a breath of wayside roses,
In the town of grime and gold.

The Lucky Cat

By a Passer-By

IT was a golden day in Piccadilly for policeman, workers, tourists, and the beggar. At least, I thought he was a beggar, and I could not help feeling: "Oh, fancy having to beg on such a golden day as this!"

Then I saw that he was holding out a tray of amber-coloured cats with green eyes.

"Lucky charms," he said; "lucky charms, only a penny."

"Lucky cat, miss?" he wheedled.

"Well—oh, yes, I'll have one."

I could not resist a lucky cat *and* a smile! "And now I suppose I'm going to be lucky for life?" I added.

"Sure, miss. Once upon a time," he began in a far-away sing-song, "there was a boy who came to London to seek his fortune. And all he had was a black cat and a powerful lot of faith. And he became——"

"Lord Mayor of London," I finished triumphantly.

"Now, then, move along. He isn't annoying you, is he, miss?"

The policeman towered above us like a giant, but a cheery and good-humoured giant he was. "Now, then, Dick Whittington, move along. You've sold enough lucky cats to make a hundred lord mayors today."

The maker of mayors glanced humorously at me, and then at the policeman.

"Well, good luck, lady," he said. "Keep smiling. Good luck, Bobby," and, gathering himself up, he wandered off with his amber cats.

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PATRICK MANSON

WHY NOT A MANSON HOUSE?

The Wonderful Work Still Waiting for a Monument

FRIEND OF THE TROPICS

It is hoped that there may soon be set up a worthy monument to the imperishable work of Sir Patrick Manson, the eminent physician and medical adviser to the Colonial Office, who made great regions of the Earth healthy for white men and healthier for natives as well.

For many years the name of Patrick Manson has been a household word.

His life-work not only brought lustre to the medical profession, but conferred a lasting blessing on everyone who lives in a tropical country. It is estimated that many millions of people owe their life and health to him.

Father of Tropical Medicine

Just over fifty years ago, when working in China, Dr Patrick Manson discovered that the tiny worms which cause elephantiasis are conveyed from one person to another by the mosquito. For years he had been toiling in tropical heat, in mission hospitals and in the homes of the people, patiently collecting his facts, studying the worm in the blood of elephantiasis patients and in the body of the mosquito. Step by step he tracked the disease to its origin, and in 1877 he made his discovery known to a group of friends.

Upon that discovery of fifty-three years ago the whole edifice of tropical medicine has been built.

Other workers soon entered the field, and before Dr Manson's death in 1922 it had been proved that insects are carriers of malaria, sleeping sickness, yellow-fever, plague, and typhus. All these workers built on Manson's foundation, acknowledged his inspiration, and gladly acclaimed him as the Father of Tropical Medicine.

Death Traps No More

Dr Manson's researches convinced him that malaria, the most widespread of all tropical diseases, was carried from one person to another by the mosquito. He was not able to discover every step in the chain of infection, but his researches made him morally certain, and paved the way for Sir Ronald Ross to track down the scourge to its source.

Sir Patrick Manson not only made a momentous medical discovery; he changed the course of human history. He made it possible for white men to live and bring up healthy families in areas where before they could not live. Those areas, for centuries closed to white men and therefore outside the main stream of the world's life, are now taking their place as countries of world importance. Fifty years ago Kenya and Northern Rhodesia were regarded as death-traps for the white man, doomed to perpetual barbarism; today it is generally admitted that these areas are among the hopeful countries of the world.

A Universal Benefactor

Nor is it the white man only who benefits; the native of the Tropics has now a chance of health such as his ancestors never knew. There are literally millions who owe their lives to this discovery and millions more who owe their health to it.

In 1899 Sir Patrick Manson founded the London School of Tropical Medicine, where he lectured for over 20 years. In 1907 he founded the Society of Tropical Medicine. It is now possible for anyone who goes to the Tropics to keep himself in health, so that the Government officer, the missionary, the planter, the colonist, the trader, the prospector, can look forward to life in tropical countries without anxiety. There are few brighter chapters in

Continued from the previous column

medical history during the last fifty years than that which enshrines the life-work of Sir Patrick Manson.

It is hoped that there will be a wide response to the proposal to erect a memorial to this great pioneer. The world has honoured the work of Pasteur and Lister; Manson is not less deserving of honour than they are, and it is hoped enough money will be raised to build a home for the Society of Tropical Medicine—to be known probably as Manson House. This is a project which will commend itself to every Englishman, especially to those who have business in or are otherwise associated with tropical countries.

As we all make use of tropical products in the form of rubber, soap, margarine, gold, copper, and cereals, we are all Patrick Manson's debtors; let us pay a little of our debt to this great man.

ENVY NOBODY BUT THIS DEAR WIDOW

A NOTE in the C.N. on Envy and the needlessness of it has brought us a very beautiful letter from a young invalid widow who has never envied anybody or anything.

This letter was not sent to us for the purpose of publication, but we feel it may be well that our readers should know of its gracious spirit.

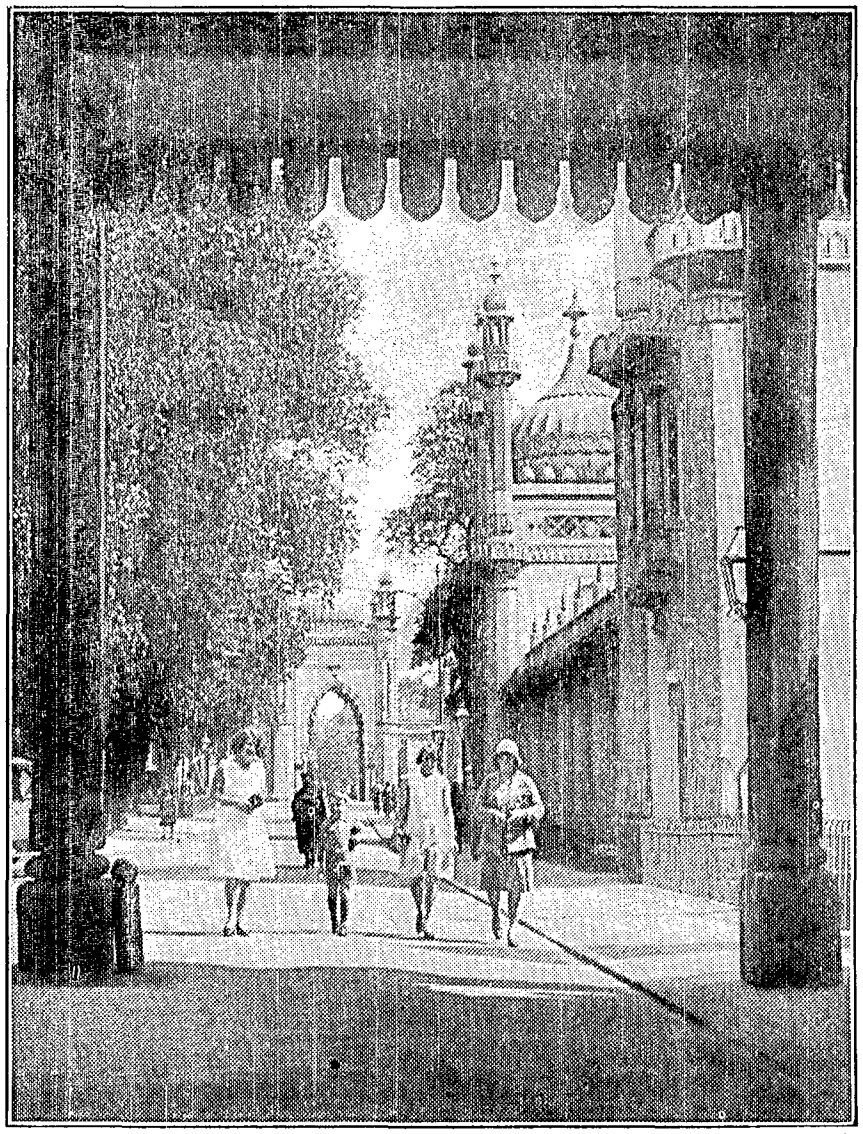
For ten years our friend has been confined to her room, deprived in recent years of both speech and hearing, and only able to communicate by writing with those who nurse her. But she can read and she can hear wireless; and books and papers and broadcasting, she says, carry her all over the world and reveal to her the wonders she can never hope to see.

Have I any room for envy? she asks, and this is her answer:

No. I have a circle of friends proved and tried. I am keenly interested in my fellow-creatures, although apart from them. True, there is sometimes a plea for help in this or that which one wishes one could give but cannot. There is no room for envy at all, with friends and books and wireless to break the silence, and my Lord Jesus Christ as my constant companion, Who alone has kept me bright and happy, so that in spite of pain and suffering it is I who have sometimes been envied.

How very, very mean, how very, very poor, all commonplace Envy seems in the presence of this invulnerable serenity of faith.

WHERE IS THIS?



Things are not always what they seem. One might be pardoned for thinking this a scene in India, but actually it is only part of the famous Pavilion at Brighton.

GLASS BRICKS?

It seems quite likely that the day of glass houses may not be far distant. Two factories, one in Holland and one in Germany, are making glass bricks.

Several buildings, including aeroplane hangars, shops, and railway stations, have been built with walls and roofs partly or almost entirely of glass, and plans have been drawn up for an eighteen-storey glass building in New York.

This new skyscraper is to have a central core of concrete supporting a light framework of copper. The glass bricks, which are hollow, are said to be soundproof and fireproof, and to keep out cold in winter and heat in summer.

The bricks are laid with mortar in the ordinary way, and they have a ribbed design on the surface, so that, although they allow the light to enter, it is impossible to see through them

THE NATIONS COME TO WIMBLEDON

A PAGEANT OF PEACE

Notable Figures in the Great Tournament

OLD FRIENDS AND NEW

All roads lead to Rome: all lawns lead to Wimbledon. The eyes of all the tennis world have been on the famous Centre Court.

The golden sands of Wimbledon are fast running out. Soon we shall know who are to wear for another year the laurel wreaths of the Championships, and how many Cups our friends from overseas are to take back with them.

At the beginning of the Tournament we always hope that the export of these trophies will be smaller, but in no year do we ever wish that those who come to wrest them from us will be fewer. The Centre Court at Wimbledon is the Round Table of the friendliest League of Nations that has ever been. If only the discussions at Naval Conferences could be disposed of as quickly!

Envoys to a Friendly Court

To this impartial and friendly Court have come the envoys of France, M Cochet, M Borotra, and M Boussus; and of the United States, Mr Tilden, who can never come too often and whom many would like to see "come back" in more than one sense, Mr Doeg, young Mr Van Ryn, and Mr Allison.

Mr Harada of Japan, which every year comes nearer to the centre; Dr Prenn, Dr D Kleinschroth and Herr Moldenhauer of Germany, no longer outside the fold; M. Mishu of Rumania, Mr Kozeluh of Czecho-Slovakia, Mr Timmer of Holland, Mr Charanjiva of India, and Mr Madan Mohan—are a few of our friends new and old.

Then there are the lady ambassadors, though the one who used to come from France, Mlle Suzanne Lenglen, comes no longer even as a spectator. She is sorely missed, for Wimbledon, though always pleased to see a newcomer, is very faithful to old favourites, and often is as pleased to see them win as if they were our own people.

Hopes of the Homeland

In that spirit the thronged Centre Court has cheered Mrs Wills-Moody, who will always be Helen Wills to most, and encouraged Miss Helen Jacobs; but it was delighted with vivid Miss Sarah Palfrey, who is only eighteen. Miss Cilly Aussem from Germany was another young-old favourite, and Fraulein Krahwinkel was cheered. There has been quite a bevy from Germany this year, and France, led by Mme Mathieu, and Belgium have not been slow to show that their girls are waiting to step into Mlle Lenglen's swiftly, moving shoes.

In this list we have naturally left our own hopes to the last. Mr Austin was the brightest of them, but when the Singles were beyond our reach there remained still Dr Gregory and Mr Collins in the Doubles, and we always had hopes that Mr Perry or Mr Hughes or Mr Olliff would step another place higher in the class.

Favourites New and Old

Among the favourites of our own people we think that perhaps Miss P. Mudford carried the highest hopes and the gentlest favour. She was this year what Miss Betty Nuthall or Miss Joan Fry were in other years in popular favour. Miss Round was another of our young people; but because of that tenderness for old favourites, which is Wimbledon's pleasantest quality, any victory and every appearance of Miss Nuthall or of Miss Joan Ridley, or of Mrs Godfree (who won our hearts as Miss K. McKane and was our last Singles Champion), was hailed with delight.

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THE SERPENTINE

200 Years in Hyde Park

QUEEN CAROLINE AND THE BILL

With the Serpentine (50 acres of ornamental water) thrown open to mixed bathing a new chapter opens in the history of Hyde Park.

This comes as if to celebrate the 200th anniversary of the Serpentine, for the lake was created exactly two centuries ago.

The park itself is one of the few surviving vestiges of the great forests which once encircled London. In those forests ranged wild boars, wild bulls, wild deer, wolves, and birds whose names as British residents are now but memories. Queen Elizabeth hunted deer in the park; Cromwell sold it and the public had to pay for admittance as they do today at the Zoo.

Several springs rise in the park, and up to the time of James the First the Dean and Chapter of Westminster were allowed to tap four of these springs for their use in the city of Westminster. James stopped all that, the Law Courts deciding in his favour that the ponds in the park were so drained by this extravagance as not to leave sufficient water for his deer in Hyde Park. And what were the needs of a city compared with those of animals of the royal chase?

A Bill for the King

The Serpentine itself, however, was not of Nature's gift. Queen Caroline, wife of George the Second, caused it to be made. It was a pretty idea and her husband thought it quite harmless, believing that she was paying for the work out of her private purse. When she died, however, he found that she had enjoyed the fun of making the lake without the bother of meeting the bill, and he had to furnish £20,000 for the Serpentine!

Originally the water for the Serpentine was derived from the River Westbourne, one of several small streams rising in the Hampstead heights. As houses increased in number near Hyde Park, however, this source of supply became fouled, so the river was turned into the sewer in the Bayswater Road, and a company, the Chelsea Water Works, furnished water from their own mains, the water being pumped in at the Kensington Gardens end, with an outflow in the Dell. *Picture on page 3*

ANY OLD TOYS AND BOOKS?

Toys and books are a terrible nuisance when bedtime comes and they have to be cleared away. So often, when you think they are all out of sight, the door of the toy cupboard bursts open and out they all come.

We advise our readers to try this remedy. Look over all the toys and books and pick out quite a lot and send them to the Appeal Secretary, Royal Dental Hospital, 32, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

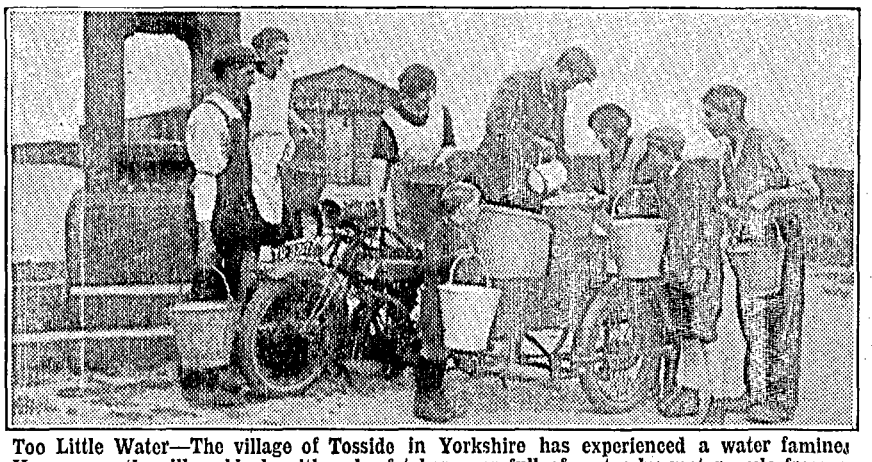
They are badly wanted there, and your cupboard will be a jollier place with one or two of its toys doing duty at the hospital.

KEEPING A LANGUAGE ALIVE

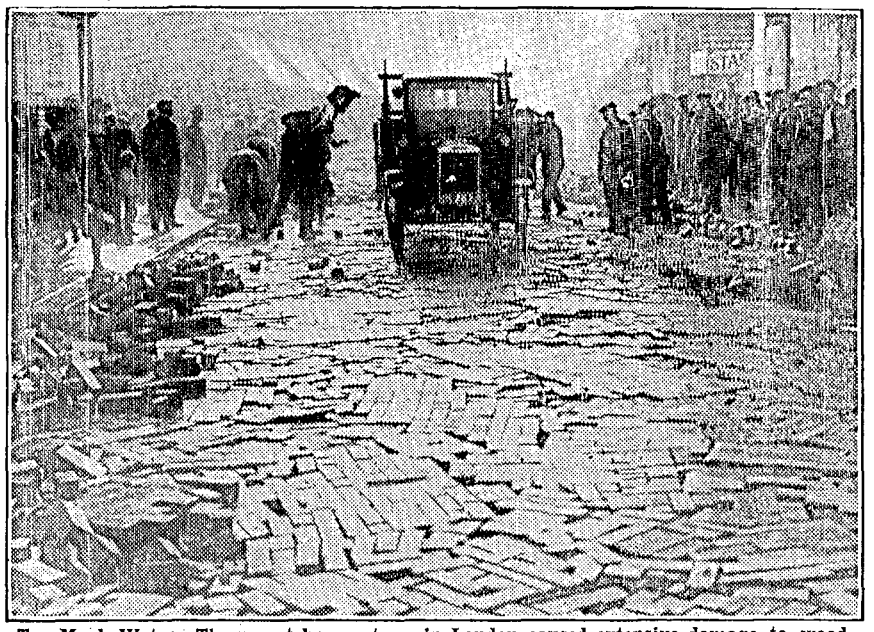
A new wireless broadcasting station is to start working next month near Louvain in Belgium.

One of the objects of the station is to preserve the Flemish language, but the broadcasting will be very powerful, and will be heard clearly all over the British Isles. This and another new station at Louvain, together with eighteen other foreign stations, have made an agreement to send out regular programmes in English.

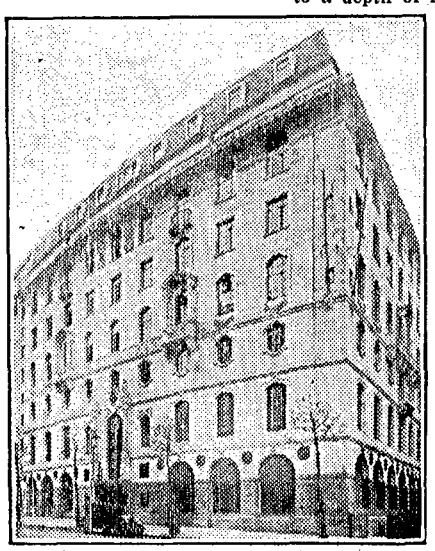
YORKSHIRE · LONDON · INDIA · HENLEY

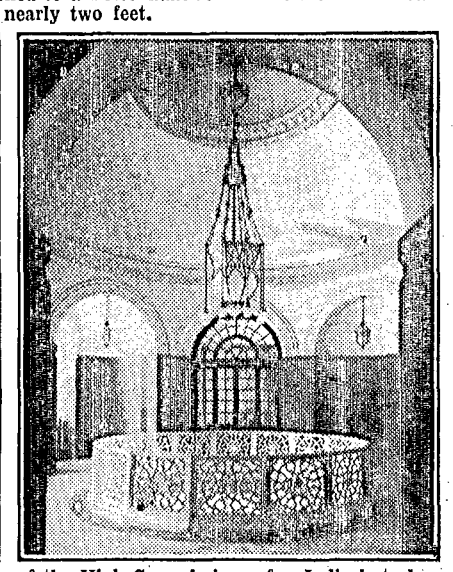


Too Little Water—The village of Tosside in Yorkshire has experienced a water famine. Here we see the village blacksmith, who fetches cans full of water by motor-cycle from a spring on the distant moors, distributing water to some of the villagers.



Too Much Water—The recent heavy storm in London caused extensive damage to wood-block roads. This picture shows what happened to a Tottenham road which was flooded to a depth of nearly two feet.





India in London—The magnificent new office of the High Commissioner for India is to be opened by the King next week. The pictures show the front of the building in Aldwych and one of the lobbies.



Work and Play—Although the American boys of Kent School have come to compete at Henley Regatta their studies are not being neglected. Here are some of them at an open-air class preparing for a forthcoming examination.

IN HAMLET'S TOWN

Peter Manniche and His Good Idea

DREAMER AND CONQUEROR

Elsinore is one of the words of romance, like El Dorado, but Elsinore is a real place, and it is the home of something which is better than romance.

About ten years ago a Danish scholar went about in this place, the scene of Shakespeare's Hamlet, trying to get people to believe in an idea. He wanted to found an International College for poor students. His name is Peter Manniche, and among the people whom he converted were two Englishmen, Mr Arnold Rowntree and Mr Charles Merttens, who gave him money for the scheme. It was only a little money that he was able to collect, yet he bought an old manor house on the outskirts of Elsinore, and the International College began.

Happy Memories

That was in 1921. Many people said the students would not come; but they have been pouring in ever since. Creeds, classes, and races all mix happily together here. The summer term is particularly busy, for a series of summer schools is held then, and the English Workers' Travel Association send big batches to them.

What happy memories and what store of new knowledge they take back with them from beautiful Denmark!

The college is a work for peace as well as an educational work, and the Danish Government makes it an annual grant because of its great value to the world.

Mr Manniche has recently visited London, not as a dreamer this time but as a conqueror. To all the people who told him that the college was not a practical idea he could now say "I told you so." But he is too kind to do that.

THE LITTLE HILL THE ROMANS KNEW

500 Men and Women Climb Up Solsbury

Before the Romans came men made a track up Little Solsbury Hill.

Whether they climbed it for the sake of the glorious view, or to make smoke signals, or because they had wattle and daub homes there, no one knows. We only know that the track is as old as history itself.

The other day a crowd of 500 men and women panted up that ancient track led by the Lord Lieutenant of Somerset.

Probably Little Solsbury Hill has been stormed before, in the days of ancient Britons or in the days when there was a Danish settlement on the summit, but never have people taken possession of the height so easily.

On the hilltop they found a boulder telling how Mr Arney Hicks of Batheaston had left the hill to the nation. The Lord Lieutenant had come to hand over the deeds to Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter of the National Trust. When the speeches were over and the National Anthem had been sung rockets were fired from which parachutes of flags fell over the valley, and pigeons were released as a symbol of freedom.

Never now can any jack-in-office turn us from the ancient track that leads us to a point 500 feet above Bath, with lovely Somerset spread out at our feet like a map. Never can bungalow or aeroplane hangar be erected here. It is everybody's Little Solsbury now.

But if a dreamer should meet upon it one twilight evening a little dark man wearing a cloak of wolfskin, we believe that the spirit would be unsatisfied.

"So you call this a fine view!" we can imagine him muttering. "You should have seen it before the Romans put up their nasty new villas. If people want to restore Little Solsbury to what it was they must pull down Bath"

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HOME OF FALLEN GREATNESS

A New Career for Wolsey's Prison

A pleasant fate has at last overtaken Esher Place.

This great house has been pulled down and built up three times in five centuries. It has been twice a prison, once for the proudest of all Churchmen.

When Henry the Eighth turns from Wolsey, Shakespeare makes the Cardinal cry out:

Nay, then, farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting . . .

Then the Duke of Norfolk comes to him with the words of doom:

Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal: who commands you
To render up the great seal presently
Into our hands; and to confine yourself
To Asher House, my Lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear further from his highness.

A Happy Ending

There the fallen cardinal spent the dreary winter months of 1529, and his thoughts must have been more wretched than the sobbing of the winds. As they stripped the trees of their golden leaves, how he must have felt that he resembled those trees, shorn of riches and splendour by the king's wrath! Death followed a year after defeat.

Esher Place was a prison again when a number of Spanish prisoners were sent there in the keeping of Richard Drake, cousin to Sir Francis, after the defeat of the Armada. Many sorrowful men have paced its gardens.

But now the proud and sorrowful days are over. Esher Place is to be filled with children's laughter. Our good friends of the Shaftesbury Society have bought it from Lord D'Abernon, and 170 little girls will make it their home. Here is a happy ending to its story.

Esher Place was last rebuilt about 130 years ago and modelled on the Palace of Versailles. It will not be necessary to alter the exterior before the little girls take possession. Much happiness to them in their new home.

THE TRAGEDY OF A CHIMNEY

A Bird Story From the Rhine

The town of Worms on the Rhine has a benevolent municipality.

Some storks selected a factory chimney as a building site, and soon it was noticed that one of the birds never moved. Apparently it was ill or had met with an accident, and a workman undertook to climb the chimney to see what was the matter. On reaching the nest a little tragedy confronted him. The mother bird had been shot, but was sheltering her little family with outspread wings.

To save the motherless storks the municipality sent an official to arrange with the owner of the factory for feeding the young brood, and it was agreed that small fish and frogs should be taken daily from the town's ornamental lakes and ponds to provide nourishment for the orphans until they could shift for themselves.

THE OLD FOLK OF AUSTRIA

An old-age competition has been held in Vienna, only those who could produce papers proving that they were over 100 being eligible to compete.

There were less than fifty competitors, but it was discovered that the Austrian capital has more than 5000 inhabitants over 80, while throughout Austria there are 35,000 octogenarians, 20,000 women and 15,000 men.

THE TENNIS LEAGUE OF NATIONS



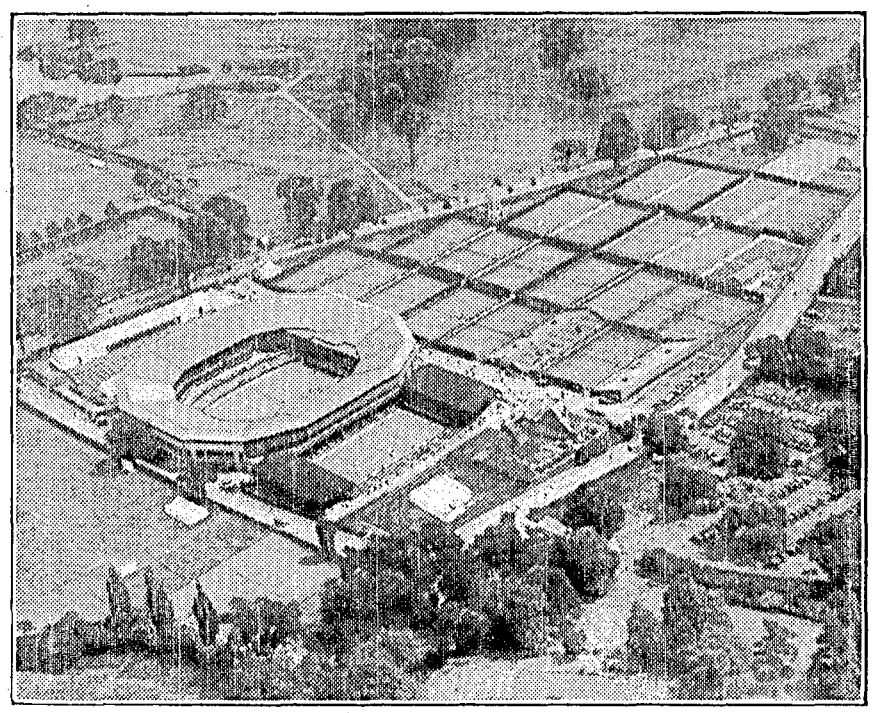
J. Borotra
France



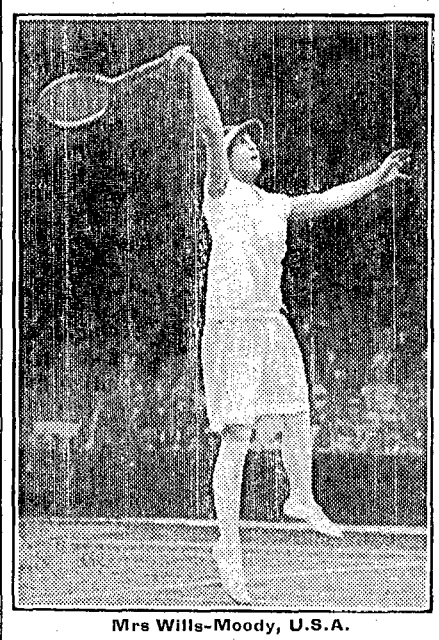
Mme Mathieu
France



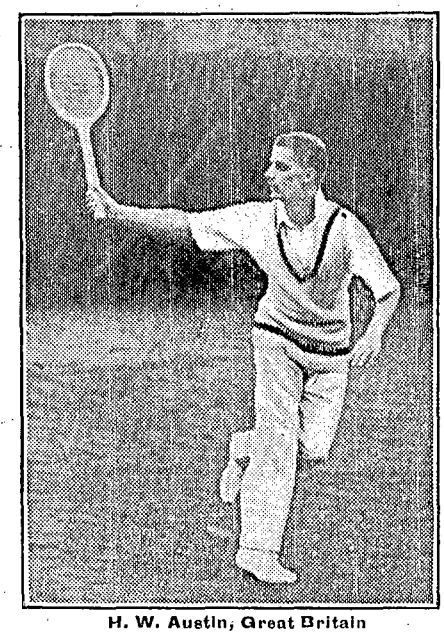
W. Tilden
U.S.A.



The Wimbledon Courts seen from the air



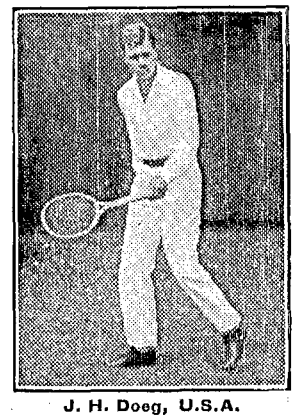
Mrs Wills-Moody, U.S.A.



H. W. Austin, Great Britain



Fraulein Aussem, Germany



J. H. Doeg, U.S.A.



Miss P. E. Mudford, Gt Britain

This week-end should set all doubts at rest as to who are to be the new lawn tennis champions. We give above pictures of some of the players whose appearance on the Centre Court always causes great enthusiasm. **See page 7**

BURNED FOR HIS BOOKS

Brave Dolet of France

AN OXFORD EXHIBITION

The Oxford Bibliographical Society has had an exhibition of rare books at the Bodleian Library.

Sometimes rare books can be very dull things: they are only rare because of a misprint in a certain edition of some classic, or they have some other peculiarity only interesting to pedants.

But this exhibition is as human as it is learned. Here, for instance, is a book bought in calm days by Marat, who wrote his name in it in pencil with the same hand that was to send people to the guillotine and was to be raised in a vain attempt to ward off Charlotte Corday's dagger. Here is a book that might have been read only the other day by that charming letter-writer and selfish person Horace Walpole, with his notes still fresh in it. Here are gifts from Pope and Johnson.

But most striking of all, here is the first popular translation of Galen, the physician to Roman emperors, who wrote about 500 treatises. When Dolet translated some of Galen's work "into a tongue which can be read by the barbers," the doctors were furious. Already the scholar-printer had annoyed the clergy, who twice had him imprisoned on a false charge of atheism. So on August 3, 1546, this enlightened Christian was tortured and strangled and burned in the Place Maupert. Most of the copies of his translation of Galen were burned too, but somebody was rash enough to keep a copy of that condemned book, and there it lies at Oxford, a mute witness to the passions and cruelties and heroes of a day that is gone.

MOVING A MANSION

60-Miles Journey for a New School

Marley, a famous mansion near Exmouth, with sixty stately rooms, carved and painted ceilings, and a staircase of malachite and marble, is to make a move. But it is not going to America.

Instead of that its new owner, who is an Englishwoman, Mrs Cross, has borrowed an idea from the Americans, who lately moved a cottage in the Cotswolds across the Atlantic. She is going to move the mansion sixty miles to Weston-super-Mare, where it will become the great schoolhouse of the Uphill School for Girls.

We are glad that this new move should have been made for girls. It is in keeping with the enterprise of the Girl Guide Movement. This use of Britain's beautiful old buildings for educational purposes, instead of pulling them down piecemeal and letting the remnants go to the highest bidder, does not stand alone. There are, happily, many such cases.

Near Cambridge a very lovely old mansion has just been bought to form the nucleus of a village college.

BELGIUM IS 100

The whole of Belgium is celebrating its centenary, for it is now just a hundred years since the State gained its independence.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the celebrations is the exhibition at Antwerp, which will remain open till October.

The exhibition is much on the lines of Wembley, and a British week is to be held from July 17 to July 23.

The British Pavilion, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, has been erected at a corner on the main avenues. Inside, as well as a huge map of the world, there are pictures by eminent artists and other exhibits showing the resources of the British Commonwealth.

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THE FILM AND ITS FUTURE

PICTURES TO BE MORE LIFELIKE

Scenes in Natural Colours in Stereoscopic Form

HOW IT WILL BE DONE

The Kinematograph has gone through many changes and improvements since it was introduced to the world by William Friese-Greene.

From a mere series of flickering pictures very trying to the eyes it developed into a steady sequence of animated scenes of travel, drama, and comedy which have contributed in some measure to our education and largely to our amusement.

The moving pictures soon came to be called the silent drama, but this is no longer true, for we are now able to hear film characters speak, much to the annoyance of most of us, perhaps.

The next step is to make the kinematograph more lifelike by presenting scenes in their natural colours and in proper stereoscopic form, as they appear to our eyes. A great amount of experimental work has already been done in this direction, particularly with coloured films. We do occasionally see films in colour, but the tones are very unreal, and the actors have the appearance of painted dolls.

The New Method

A new method of making coloured films has now been perfected and is likely to be adopted by the whole film industry. This new process, which has been under development for several years, requires a camera equipped with two lenses, and the film is run at two-and-a-half times the normal speed.

The reason for this is that two frames, as each square of film is called, are exposed simultaneously through light filters, so that the red-yellow tones are photographed on one frame and the green-blue tones on the other. In the printing process the two sets of negative pictures have to be combined on one positive film, and this is done automatically in a machine which combines both pictures. The positive film is coated with two emulsions, one on each side, and in the printing machine alternate pictures are exposed on one emulsion, and the others are printed opposite on the other emulsion.

A Novel Camera

In this way the two sets of pictures, embracing all the colours, are combined in one film; but when this is developed it appears black and white like an ordinary film. To bring out the colours each side of the film is passed through dyes corresponding to the red-yellow and green-blue colours, and the image when projected on the screen appears in remarkably lifelike colours.

The stereoscopic film is already on its way, the difficulties having been overcome by a camera with a peculiar combination of lenses and a new type of projector which retains and reproduces all but ten per cent of the natural depth of the actual scenes.

This type of film is twice the width and half again as deep as the ordinary film in use at present, and each picture stays on the screen four times as long.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A Gobelin tapestry	£20,000
A Barrie manuscript	£2400
A Kipling manuscript	£800
Porphyry bust of Agrippina	£500
1st edition Deserted Village	£450
Hepplewhite bedstead	£420
Letter by Boswell	£230
15th-century Italian MS.	£200
Nelson's sextant	£74

A LIFE OF THE WEEK

The Upright Judge

On July 7, 1535, died Sir Thomas More.

Sir Thomas More was one of the greatest and best of Englishmen. He was born on February 7, 1478, in London, where his father was a popular barrister and afterwards a judge. When quite young he was a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury, who prophesied of him "whoever liveth to try it shall see this child a rare and notable man."



Sir Thomas More

Sent to Oxford, More quickly showed signs of fine scholarship, but his father took him away to be trained in the law in London. He became a great lawyer, but remained also a classical scholar and a friend of the best men of his day.

His rise was rapid. At the age of 21 he was already a Member of Parliament and under-sheriff of London. Although he "tried to keep out of the Court as hard as most men try to get into it," he was taken into the King's service, was sent to the Continent as an ambassador, made a Privy Councillor, Treasurer of the Exchequer, Speaker of the House of Commons, and finally Lord Chancellor.

The Cleverest Lawyer

It was Henry the Eighth who steadily advanced him to these high offices because he was the cleverest lawyer of his day. But he was bent on justice, incorruptible, and always an upholder of the public interests against wrongful claims by those who had power. Henry and Wolsey saw the advantage of having him on their side. Henry particularly cultivated his friendship in the most intimate way, visiting him in his own house and trying to share his popularity while winning him to serve his own purposes. It was all in vain, for More understood the king, and was determined to be no man's tool.

A time was bound to come when the upright judge and the ambitious and autocratic king would clash. The time came when Henry wished to divorce his good wife Katharine and marry Anne Boleyn. More resigned the Chancellorship and would not attend the wedding. Again, when the Act of Supremacy was passed and all were required to take the oath he refused on the ground that no parliament could make the king supreme head of the Church. For this refusal he was sent to the Tower, tried for treason, found guilty, hastily beheaded, and his head was fixed on London Bridge, 395 years ago this week.

Four Centuries Too Soon

No more monstrous deed was ever done in England. Brave, wise, witty, inflexibly honest, far-seeing in his conception of public duty, a great statesman, this rare man was living in his thoughts four centuries ahead of the age into which he was born. We know what he was like because he has put his inmost thoughts into a book which anyone may read.

More wrote a number of books, but the one that will always live was his Utopia. It is a picture of an ideal State in which may be found the germs of nearly all the good things that have come into the world since it was written. No book has a more copious fund of the thought which creates thought. It is a bright light shining from a dark age. In form the world has not followed it, but in many ways its spirit is the spirit of modern progress.

A VERY QUEER TRIAL

Torturing Prisoners

UNDER A DICTATORSHIP IN BELGRADE

Dictators have sometimes very queer ways of making people loyal to their rule.

A trial has just been concluded in Belgrade, the capital of the Dictator King of Yugo-Slavia, of 24 prisoners from Croatia who desire Home Rule for their country. Chief of them was Dr Matchek, who succeeded the murdered Stepan Raditch as the leader of the Croat Home Rule Party; a professor, a colonel, a lawyer, a schoolmaster, and a number of students, shop assistants, and apprentices. They were charged with being banded together to terrorise the citizens, endangering public safety, in order to change the existing system of government.

It seems clear that some of the stupid younger prisoners had made bombs to frighten people; the older prisoners were alleged to have incited them to crime, but the evidence was alleged to have been procured either by forgery or by torture.

Dr Matchek Acquitted

The torture seems to have been admitted, and it is alleged that some of the prisoners temporarily lost their reason under it.

Leading lawyer politicians, including a former Foreign Minister, undertook the defence and used the opportunity for vigorous attacks upon the Dictatorship. But the Court seems to have been very fair on the whole, and in the end Dr Matchek and eight others were acquitted, while the other 15, including the professor, were sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, ranging from 15 years downward, though each of the offences with which they were charged was punishable by death. The professor was sentenced to three years confinement.

But somehow we fancy that the Croats will go on wishing for Home Rule.

A GOOD THING IN PLACE OF A BAD ONE

In Berners Street in East London, where was once an Anarchist club, a Children's Club has now arisen to take its place.

A king's son opened it to the children of Whitechapel. It is the gift of a man who was once as poor as any East End child is today

Mr Bernhard Baron, the generous man who died not long ago, found the money as part of his beneficence to the St George's Jewish Settlement. When the Duke of Gloucester inspected the building the other day he saw that one of the chief thoughts of the gift was that the children who came to the settlement should find in it everything the heart of a child could desire.

There are shower-baths and a paddling pool. Flowers bloom in a garden on the roof; there are cricket and football pitches, a playground with toboggan runs, and gymnasiums. But what many of the little East Enders will love most is a room with walls painted so like a country camp that it will remind them of the annual country holiday to which they look forward. Even the floor is made to look like grass!

SHALL 45 FARMS BE DESTROYED?

A curious situation has arisen in the Rhine Valley.

It is proposed to make an artificial lake to supply water for a huge electric power station which would take fifteen years to build and would cost eight million pounds. But forty-five farms would have to be destroyed and 560 farmers would lose their livelihood, so a public meeting was held at Coire to oppose the scheme. So far, however, nothing has been decided.

UNPLEASANT SURPRISE FOR A ZOO KEEPER

The Stowaway in a Crate of Bananas

AN UNNATURAL MOTHER

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Reptile House has a strong claim on the interest of Zoo visitors just now, for its latest exhibits include a family of fourteen baby snakes, born in the menagerie, and two of the most dreaded venomous snakes, the green mamba and the fer-de-lance.

The mother of the baby snakes is a horned viper, a small sand-coloured poisonous serpent described as horned because above the eyes its scales are enormously developed.

Her offspring were born alive, and although their bodies were very soft and frail they were fully formed. The little reptiles seemed capable of looking after themselves and were quite prepared to make use of their teeth. Their mother, however, was not allowed to remain in charge of them, for her attitude toward them suggested that she was inclined to regard them as a tasty meal. So they were carefully removed from her den and given a home of their own. They are growing satisfactorily, and feeding well on tiny pieces of meat and fish.

In Covent Garden Market

The fer-de-lance travelled to this country as a stowaway in a crate of bananas. The Zoo received a message from Covent Garden Market that a snake had been discovered in a crate of fruit from Brazil, and a keeper was sent off at once to the market. To his surprise and horror, instead of finding a boa-constrictor, as he expected, for these constricting snakes frequently find their way here as stowaways, he found a fer-de-lance, a large and aggressive venomous snake. Fortunately the animal had not been disturbed from his bed of bananas, and as the weather was cool he was in a sluggish condition, which enabled the keeper to secure him without difficulty.

When seen through a glass partition in his den at the Zoo the green mamba is a beautiful snake, for his skin is a particularly lovely shade of green. But in his natural surroundings he is the most dreaded of the African serpents. His bite is deadly and he is strictly arboreal; he lies hidden along the branches of trees and bites the shoulders of those who pass beneath.

THE LONG LIFE OF BUSINESS FIRMS

200 Years and Still Going Strong

In these changeful times it is good to hear of businesses that have been going on without a break for a century or more and that seem likely to continue for many years to come. A correspondent tells us of one.

In 1784 Mr S. Greg built a cotton mill at Styal, near Wilmslow in Cheshire, and gave it a name, Quarry Bank, that the tongue can get hold of. It has been running continuously for 146 years, and there are descendants of the earliest workers still in the village, tenants of the Greg family.

The mill is said to be the oldest cotton mill in England. Probably there are older mills but they, more probably, have been used for other purposes than the manufacture of cotton goods, says our correspondent.

The first mill was used as a spinning mill, but some years later weaving was added. Some thirty years ago spinning was abandoned and now the mill is used for weaving only, but its continuity in the cotton industry is undoubted.

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THE NEW COMET

WHERE TO FIND IT

A Passing Traveller From the Depths of Space

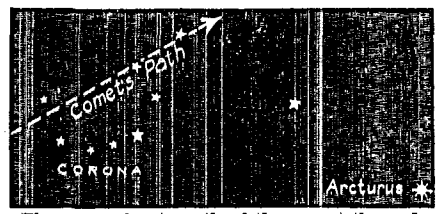
FIVE DISCOVERED THIS YEAR

By the C.N. Astronomer

A comet known as Forbes 1930 e is now speeding across the southern sky not far from overhead and in a north-westerly direction.

It is the fifth comet to be discovered this year, and, like all the others, is faint and inconspicuous. It is beyond the reach of naked-eye visibility but may possibly be glimpsed with very good field-glasses. But as it is now receding from the Earth its brightness may have diminished considerably by the time this article appears.

The new comet happens to be now well placed for observation, and its position may be located with the aid of our star-map. This shows the comet's approximate path during the next two weeks as near as can be



The approximate path of the comet through the constellation of Corona

ascertained at the moment. The paths and exact positions of these new comets are not known, for even a week ahead, with anything like the precision that planets are known for years ahead.

Nevertheless this Comet Forbes should be easily found with sufficient optical aid, during the next three weeks.

At present it is travelling through the constellation of Hercules and heading straight for the constellation of the Northern Crown, or Corona, as it is astronomically known. This the comet should reach toward the end of next week, when the Moon will not be so much in evidence, for the chances of seeing so faint an object in a moonlit sky are much reduced.

The Northern Crown will be found very high up, a little to the right of due south at 11 o'clock, by which time the sky is sufficiently dark for us to perceive this unmistakable semi-circle of stars.

The comet has for the past few weeks been travelling north-westward from the southern skies, where it was discovered, at Rosebank, Cape Town, by Mr A. F. I. Forbes; hence its title Comet Forbes 1930 e. The last letter *e* signifies that this comet is the fifth to be discovered in 1930. It is also the third one discovered by Mr Forbes.

Big Family of Small Comets

Although we have had such a succession of comets present in our sky this year they have all been very small, inconspicuous objects, and generally not well placed for finding. They nevertheless possess an interest as travellers from the regions of distant worlds to our own.

The previous Comet Schwassmann-Wachmann 1930 d, which had two discoverers at Bergedorf, near Hamburg, came from the vicinity of the planet Jupiter and approached the Earth to within eight and a half million miles. It was then, about the end of May, much the nearest celestial body to our world, except the Moon.

It was very faint, however, reaching to only between 9th and 10th magnitude, and is now on its way back to the celestial realms of Jupiter, as it belongs to his big family of small comets. This comet's orbit is exceptionally small and its period of return very short: it is expected back in about 3 years and 10 months. The Comet Wilk's 1930 c, which was present during March and April, appears to have come from beyond the orbit of Neptune. G. F. M.

C. L. N.

Scouts of the League

Number of Members—17,408

"As advance scouts of the army of international progress, I welcome you," was the salutation of Sir Eric Drummond, Secretary of the League of Nations, to a certain congress in Geneva recently.

The sober delegates, wearing neither uniform nor badges, looked little like Scouts, yet the description was a true one, for their business is to scour the field of international affairs, to watch attentively every action of the League of Nations, to be on the alert for its every movement, and to pass back the knowledge they gain to the people behind them.

For these were delegates from the societies existing in many lands for supporting and making known the League of Nations, and this was their annual congress. Geneva has only twice been chosen for this event. Last year the congress was in Madrid; next year it is to be in Budapest, so that one country after another can be roused to more special interest and its own national society be stimulated and strengthened.

Through this federation of societies the proposals of private individuals may find their way direct to the League itself, for the resolutions passed by the Annual Congress are presented to the Assembly in the following September, and are printed in the Assembly Journal. More important still is the pressure these societies can exert on their own Governments. Their strength depends on the people behind them.

For this reason we hope to see a great accession of new members of the C.L.N. in the coming months. We should like to see it 20,000 strong before the winter.

Who joins next?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:



The C.L.N. Badge

Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent,
London, S.W.1.

No letters should be sent to the C.N. Office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and Badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

KING GEORGE THE FIFTH

Boys may shortly see a wonderful model of the Great Western locomotive King George the Fifth, the most powerful passenger engine in England, built for a lover of engines who will exhibit it for charitable purposes.

A penny put in the slot of the case will start the wheels of the engine and tender at work, and all the visible parts will move for the time the locomotive itself would take to cover a mile on the railway track.

THE TRIALS OF A LINER

An interesting thing is happening during the trials of the new White Star liner Britannic.

Wireless installations have been fitted up in the shipbuilding offices, and the builders (Harland & Wolff) will be able to talk with the ship's officers all the time of the trials. During the first runs of a big ship hundreds of questions are asked by the engineers, and it will save endless work to be able to discuss points of the ship's behaviour while she is actually steaming.

EVERYONE A FILM ACTOR

It will not be long before anyone who likes can become a film actor in six minutes and be on the screen.

A big picture corporation, after five years of work, has perfected a machine before which you can stand, put a shilling in the slot and then, six minutes after, see yourself in a tiny theatre, which forms part of the machine, on a little screen. The size of the screen is a little smaller than that of a postcard.

SOUND WAVES IN A BUILDING

Theatre and Kinema Problems

THE PERPLEXING ECHO

The rapid multiplication of theatres is causing much more attention to be given to the difficult problem of constructing them in such fashion that sound issuing from the stage or screen, or near it, may be heard distinctly.

Too often in the past expensive buildings have been built in which hearing is difficult. Through constructions which ignore the principles of sound transmission we get unfortunate echoes, undue reverberations, and sometimes regions of almost complete silence.

Echoes, as we know, are caused by the reflection of sound, the sound waves bouncing off the walls or ceiling and coming back to us, just as a ball returns when thrown at an object. Sound travels comparatively slowly, the velocity in ordinary air being 1118 feet a second when the temperature is 60 degrees. And we can distinguish an echo when more than one-sixteenth of a second elapses between the hearing of, first, direct sound waves and, second, the reflected sound waves. This puts a limit to the size of a building in which sound can be emitted without creating echoes.

A Point of Silence

The reflection of sound may create, not an echo but a reinforcement of sound through the reflected waves from a number of surfaces being brought together at the same spot.

An even more curious result is when the sound waves reflected from a surface reach some part of the building at such intervals as to cancel out the sound directly heard at the point, the crests and troughs of the waves being brought together and so cancelled out. This phenomenon means a point of silence.

The reflection of sound from surfaces plays such an important part in the acoustic properties of a building that it is all-important for the architect to have the effects worked out carefully on paper. This can actually be done because, the point or points of sound emission being settled, it is not difficult to show how the sound waves will behave, how long it will take them to travel to various reflected points, and what will happen as a result of the various reflections.

K.C.B.

Keep Your Country Beautiful

People of every party will agree about one Bill, at any rate, which is to be introduced this autumn.

The Office of Works can protect anything which has been scheduled as an ancient monument, but at present it has no power to protect its surroundings. The loveliest abbey could be hemmed in with iron sheds and hoardings plastered with advertisements.

If the Bill becomes law the Office of Works will be able to protect the land round ancient monuments and England's jewels will have worthy settings.

Surely the Ayes will have it.

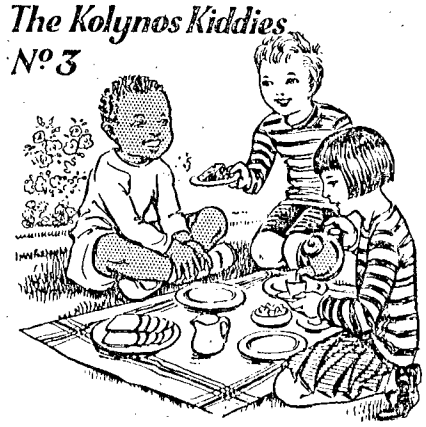
A PARADISE OF ISLANDS

The Canadian Government has decided to add to the wonderful series of National Parks perhaps the most wonderful of them all.

Twenty-nine islands in the famous group known as the Ten Thousand Islands of Lake Huron are to form this unique park, the largest being Beau Soleil, of 2700 acres. The others average from twenty to fifty acres, well wooded, with many springs and streams.

The Minister of the Interior announces that, with the hundred square miles of timber land now being negotiated for in New Brunswick, the chain of National Parks will be complete across Canada.

The Kolynos Kiddies No 3



The Kolynos Kiddies
Asked Sambo to tea.
His skin was as black
As a negro's can be;

His teeth, though, were pearly,
So lovely and white.
He grinned: "I use Kolynos
Morning and night!"

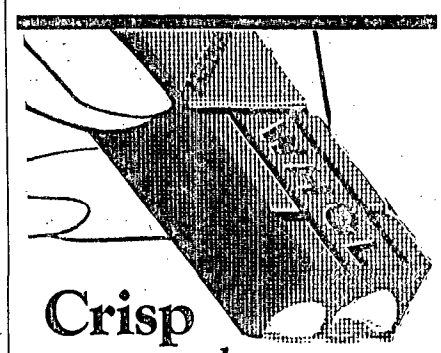
Kolynos is known in every part of the world for its cleansing and preserving properties. It makes teeth white, keeps them strong and germ-free, strengthens the gums and purifies the mouth.

Half-an-inch of paste from the Kolynos tube on a firm, *dry* brush is enough for each time of use. It makes a lovely foam in the mouth, and leaves a clean and delicious taste after every brushing.

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

Test Kolynos free. Send a card to-day to Kolynos (Dept. 50C), Chenies Street, London, W.C.1, giving your name and address. You will receive a free sample by return of post.

All dentists recommend Kolynos; every Chemist sells it.

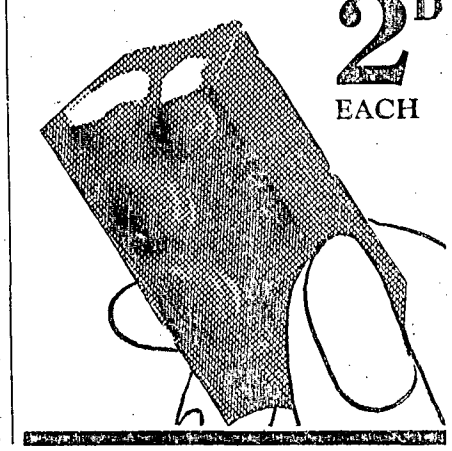


Crisp
and
Crunchy!

Freshly roasted whole nuts deeply embedded in finest plain or milk chocolate.

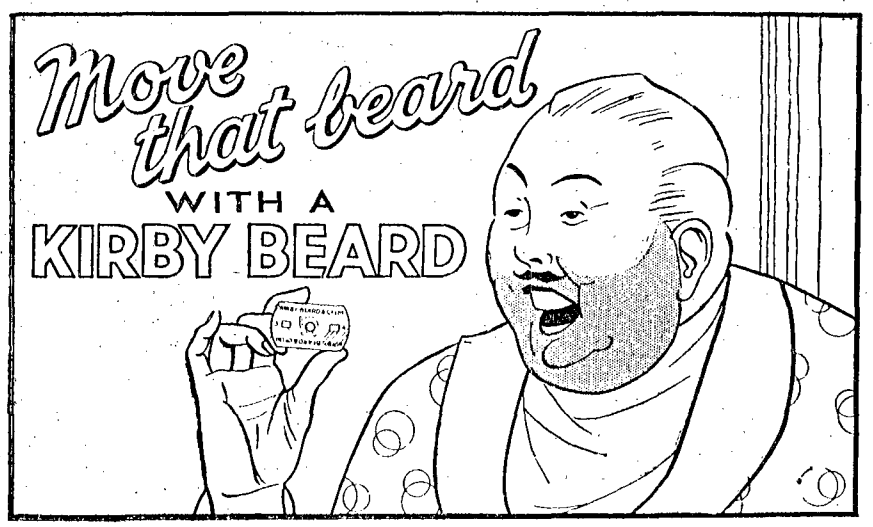
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STICK

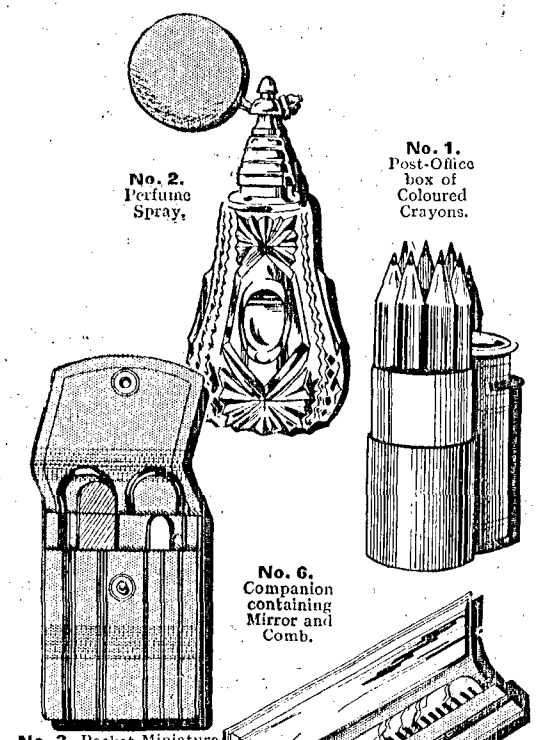
2D
EACH



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Colour this picture with Water Colours or Crayons and get YOUR FREE GIFT!





No. 1. Post-Office box of Coloured Crayons.

No. 2. Perfume Spray.

No. 3. Pocket Miniature Set.

No. 4. Boy's Pocket Knife.

No. 5. Set of two Propelling Pencils, and one ordinary Pencil in Leather Case.

No. 6. Companion containing Mirror and Comb.

CHOOSE The Gift You Like the Best

All you have to do to obtain absolutely free any one of these beautiful gifts that you see illustrated here, is to colour the picture above and return with five wrappers from Kirby Beard Blades.

Tell father he will get a better shave with Kirby Beard Blades, and ask him to buy a packet of five blades, and give you the five wrappers, so that you can send for a prize.

Fill in your name and address on the coupon below, naming the number of the prize you wish to have sent you, and enclose the five wrappers and send to—Prize Department, Messrs. Kirby Beard & Co, Ltd., Ravenhurst Works, Bradford Street, Birmingham.

BLADES 5 for 1'8 10 for 3'4

obtainable from all the leading druggists, hairdressers and stores. If you have any difficulty in buying Kirby Beard Blades, enclose a Postal Order for 1/8, and send to Kirby Beard & Co., Ltd., Ravenhurst Works, Bradford Street, Birmingham.

KIRBY BEARD
The World's Best Razor Blade
The World's Best Razor



Please send me Gift No.... ..., for which I enclose the wrappers from five Kirby Beard Blades.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

C.N.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S LETTER-BOX

WRITER EVERYBODY WANTED TO WRITE TO

Interesting Peeps at a World of Long Ago

A MAN OF FRIENDS AND CHIVALRY

Sir Walter Scott has been called "the friend of all the world."

That can be seen not only in the letters written by him but in the letters which he received. Six thousand of these were bought by Mr Hugh Walpole and have been arranged and edited by Mr Wilfred Partington. They give a charming picture of the man who, as Wordsworth said, was "the whole world's darling."

Nearly everybody wanted to write to him. The letters which he kept were bound into 23 big quarto books, and from these the editor has selected a number written by poets, statesmen, blue-stockings, shepherds, and artists, including Wordsworth, Byron, Campbell, Lamb, Sir Robert Peel, Fenimore Cooper, and any number of other famous men and women.

A Heroic Sailor

The first letter gives a thrilling account of a sea-fight and of the death of a heroic sailor, Lewis Mortlock. His ship the Wolverine did almost incredible deeds off Ostend. Those were days when ships had to grapple other ships to them and sailors fought hand to hand. Lewis, for two hours, fought like a common sailor. At last he was wounded and dying, but he desired the surgeon who was going to dress him to go to a marine who was making most piteous moans. Lewis made no complaint, though he bore terrible pain; he never lost his senses, and two minutes before he died he proposed some alterations in the ship for the convenience of its officers. Such was one of the many stories which came to the man whom everybody loved.

Sympathy and Friendship

Some of his friends used to borrow money from him when they were in hard straits; but they did not come to him for money chiefly, but for sympathy and good friendship. Here we find Charles Lamb, another of the beloved friends of that time, writing to ask for money, not for himself, but for William Godwin, an old man then and turned out of his house for debt. Other writers tell their friend of things amusing and curious of which they had heard. Scott was the kind of man who would chuckle at the jokes of his friends; they always kept their latest stories for him. One of them, Haydon, the painter whose diary is more famous than his pictures, gives a delightful picture of a scene on the Margate steamer, and of the musicians at Margate, Cockneys of "every shape, size, trade, and calling. After the musicians had play'd and play'd well—and one or two things beautifully—when they came with their money-box to collect their reward, an old Cockney, with his hat tied under his chin and a basket full of ham and brandy, turned round toward them, and said with an air of ineffable superiority: 'I never encourage such wagabonds.'"

A False Alarm

Some curious stories are preserved in this gossip, one from the days when the Pretender's army was on its march to England. The inhabitants of one village were very alarmed. The Elders assembled to take measures to protect their people and set a watch. The enemy was seen one day on the road near Galashiels. A sudden panic seized the people; they fled, some sword in hand, to a neighbouring hill. Then

Continued from the previous column

they discovered that the enemy were quadrupeds—a drove of black cattle!

All the world knows that Scott did the most chivalrous act when he took the responsibility for debts amounting to £130,000 incurred through the failure of his printer and publisher. He worked himself to death to repay this debt of honour, and he did repay it.

Sir Walter wrote much about the knights of the past; in the hour of trial he showed himself a very gallant knight. And it is pleasant among these letters to find one written at that time by his son.

Dear Papa, "You tell me not to be cast down for the loss of world's gear. It is an unnecessary piece of advice, as I am rather glad—that is to say, I rejoice, *with grumbling*, that it has given Jane and I an opportunity of shewing you that we are not very ungratefull for all your kindness. I think there is a good deal of Jane's money vested in the funds; she says to the amount of £14,000 or more. Now that money shall forthwith be sold out and put into your hands, and you shall pay us the lawfull interest upon it at such times as may best suit yourself.

This is a letter well worth keeping, is it not?

It is true that Sir Walter would not consent, but he said it was affectionate on their part to offer the sum.

Great as are the books which Scott wrote, these letters show once more that he was as great a man as he was a writer. "Always," says Mr Walpole, "he is a man, the most human, the most noble-hearted, the most affectionate and loyal, that our literature has shown to us." His letter-box shows that more clearly than ever.

BIRDS AND THEIR NESTS

A Little Decoration

HAVE THEY A SENSE OF BEAUTY?

A lady who has a lake in her garden was greatly delighted to find that a waterhen had made her nest on a low, overhanging yew branch. One day the lady was still more delighted to find that Mother Waterhen had decorated her nursery all round with forget-me-nots stuck in the nest edge.

This news has drawn from another Nature lover the description of a chaffinch's nest made of feathers from the poultry yard and trimmed all round the edge with the cock's long tail feathers, arranged vertically in a waving fringe. He says that the effect of her bright little eyes, as she sat incubating, peeping through an arch of miniature field-marshal's plumes, was singularly charming.

A little while ago someone wrote to the C.N. about a nest made of confetti which some bird had built in a churchyard yew.

Are There Peter Bell Birds?

It would be foolish to argue from three examples only that birds have a sense of beauty, yet why should birds decorate their nests if beauty means nothing to them? A bird is usually thought to rank the concealment of its nest before all else, and a bright border of blue flowers or waving feathers can have nothing to do with a desire to conceal the nursery from enemies or with the comfort of the babies. It seems as if they can be put there only because the bird liked to look at them.

It may be that there are Peter Bell birds who care nothing for a primrose unless it contains an appetising insect, and that there are also poet birds who say with W. H. Davies:

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare . . .
No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance?

Who can tell? The birds say a great deal, but they have never had a really good translator.

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CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 29

Jim Keeps Silence

That grin on Dirck Jansen's face—it was so fixed, so mirthless and cruel that it sent a thrill of anger through Jim, and actually saved him from showing the very real fear which he felt. For he saw in a flash that he was helpless. Already one of Dirck's Malays had grasped the gunwale of his boat, and even if it had been possible to break away he could never pull back into the lagoon against the tremendous tidal stream that poured out like a mill race.

Dirck spoke. "This is indeed a surprise," he said in his careful English, "for me as well as for you, Mr Jim Dysart. Is it permitted that I ask how you came here?"

"You can ask all you like," returned Jim, trying to speak calmly and succeeding fairly well, "but it doesn't follow you will get any answer."

"No?" said the Dutchman raising his eyebrows slightly, but still smiling. "We are obstinate. Is that so? I think," he added slowly, "that it is foolish to be obstinate."

To this Jim made no reply, and suddenly Jansen snapped an order to his men in their own language. At once Jim's boat was pulled up close to the larger one; two men seized him and dragged him aboard.

Jim had the sense not to struggle. He knew it was no good, and resolved to save his strength and energies for a better opportunity. Then his boat was attached to the other by a rope and Jansen's men started pulling in a westerly direction. Presently, as they came opposite a lower part of the reef wall, Jansen signed to his men to stop rowing, and, standing up, took a long stare at the Dolphin.

Jim saw a puzzled look cross the man's big face and guessed pretty clearly what he was thinking. It must be plain to him that Paran and his gang had somehow lost the Dolphin, for if Paran was still in command it was obvious that Jim would not be allowed to go fishing all alone. Jansen must be wondering what had happened to Paran and his men and where they were. Jim realised, too, that Jansen would see that the Dolphin had been blown ashore, and what he wondered more than anything was whether Jansen would attack her.

That thought was evidently also in Jansen's mind, for presently he ordered his men to pull back to the gap in the reef. But the ebb was still rushing out at a furious pace, and kicking up such an ugly sea that Jansen, himself a good sailor, saw at once it was useless to think of forcing the passage. If he tried it the boat would almost certainly be swamped. Jansen turned to Jim again. "So your brother has recovered his ship?" he said with a slight sneer.

"It looks like it," replied Jim quietly.

"What has happened to Paran?" questioned Jansen.

"That would be telling," replied Jim.

"There are times when to tell is wise," said Jansen significantly.

"Opinions differ," said Jim.

"And yet you will tell later, if not now," said Jansen, and there was no mistaking the threat in his voice. Jim remained silent, and for once the smile passed from the Dutchman's face and Jim had a glimpse of the real man behind it.

"You fool, do you think that I shall allow my plans to be upset by a boy like you?" he snapped.

"It looks as if they'd been pretty much burst up already," said Jim.

Jansen's lips tightened in an ugly fashion.

"Is it that you are going to answer my question or not?" asked the Dutchman.

"No," said Jim plump and plain.

For a few moments Jansen sat glaring at him, trying to master the rage that boiled within him. Jim was scared, badly scared, but he refused to drop his eyes before the other's angry glare. When Jansen spoke again his tone was milder.

"Hear me, Jim Dysart. If you will give me the information that I desire I will let you go free to return to the Dolphin. If you refuse you come with me and remain my prisoner until you do speak. Meantime you will have neither food nor water, and I do not need to explain to you the unpleasantness of being left without water in weather like this."

For a moment Jim's heart failed and he hesitated, but it was only for a moment. Once Jansen learned how helpless the Dolphin was he would have no difficulty in seizing her, and even if Don and the others escaped with their lives they would be flung ashore helpless and without weapons on the most dangerous coast in the South Seas. No, whatever happened, it was up to him to keep his mouth shut.

Jansen spoke again. "You will be wise to talk?" he threatened.

"On the contrary, I think I should be silly," Jim answered.

Jansen's great fists clenched, and for a moment Jim believed the man was going to strike him. But once more he restrained himself.

"We shall see," he said harshly, and gave his men a curt order. Next moment the boat was driving away down the coast in a westerly direction. Jim wondered greatly whether Don knew what had happened. He hardly thought it likely for the reef wall was high enough to hide Jansen's boat. Even if Don did know he could do nothing, for he had no second boat and the schooner was still aground. In any case, the loss of the boat would be a serious matter for Don and Mark. The more Jim thought, the lower his spirits sank.

Presently they were past the mangrove swamp and round the next point, and Jim lost sight of the Dolphin's mast. He glanced round at the dark, sullen faces of the Dyak crew and the great bulk of Jansen seated in the stern, and once more wondered where he was going or what would happen.

Helped by the current, the boat moved quickly along the coast, passing coves where the beaches glowed white as snow under the blazing sun and headlands dense with forest. Here and there were great patches of rich purple, where the bougainvillea hung in masses fit to drive a gardener crazy with envy, and sometimes wafts of rich scents hung on the warm air. Jim saw these things without noticing them, for his whole mind was taken up with wondering where he was bound.

He had not long to wait. After about an hour the boat rounded a second headland, and the first thing he saw was the Stiletto lying with her bow right up on the open beach. Men swarmed around her, and he could hear the clink of hammers. Another thing he saw. Out on the beach in a wide semi-circle stood guards armed with rifles.

CHAPTER 30

Desperate Measures

The boat fetched up under the stern of the schooner and Jim was bundled aboard. Jansen took him by the collar and thrust him down into the lazarette, the store room of the ship.

"It is dark," he said. "It is also hot, and I fear you will not be too comfortable. It is true that there is food here, but there is no water, and I do not think that you will eat if you cannot drink." He paused. "You change your mind?" he asked, with his ugly smile. "You are ready to talk?"

"Not just yet," Jim assured him, and the smile changed to a scowl.

"By tomorrow you will be more ready," he snarled, and climbed out, pulling the hatch to behind him, and Jim heard the bolt shot in the staple.

The place was small, dark, and horribly stuffy, and Jim, who had had nothing to drink since leaving the schooner, was already thirsty. But he would not let himself think of his dry throat; he found a seat on a packing-case and began to try to figure out things.

It was clear that the Stiletto had been driven ashore just like the Dolphin, only in a much worse place. The Dolphin was fairly safe from attack, but the Stiletto, fast on this open beach, was in constant danger from the natives, and was also in peril if the wind got up again. As the boat came alongside he had seen enough to be sure that she was pretty badly damaged. It looked as if her bows had been smashed, and he reckoned it would take at least a week to repair her. It was only Jansen's big crew and display of force that was keeping off the natives.

Hammer blows rang on the timbers outside, making a constant din of sound, and presently it occurred to Jim that he was wasting time. The noise would drown any sounds he made in moving about, so he decided to begin at once and see if there were any way out of this horrible oven in which he was prisoned.

The first thing he did was to feel in his pockets. Luckily it had not occurred to Jansen to search him, and Jim found that he had his knife, handkerchief, wrist-watch, and a box of matches. He struck a match and looked round. The first thing the light revealed was that the lazarette had a porthole which, however, was quite hidden by piled-up cases. Jim went to work at once and in a very short time had cleared the boxes away. The porthole was glazed with thick and extremely dirty glass, but he saw that even if he could get it open it was too

Continued on the next page

FREE

Odol

Tooth Paste

A three weeks' trial tube of Odol Tooth Paste is being offered absolutely free of charge to all readers of "The Children's Newspaper" *this week only*. Use Odol Tooth Paste for six days and see the difference it makes to your teeth—it will make your teeth like pearls.

A 4% solution of Odol Mouth Wash kills Typhoid and Decay germs in 30 seconds.

Fill up and post the free coupon below NOW, and receive your three weeks' trial tube.

Only one coupon may be sent under one name.

REMEMBER ODOL IS BRITISH MADE!

PRICES

Odol Tooth Paste 6d. and 1/- tubes.

Odol Mouth Wash in flasks 1/6, 2/6 & 3/6.



ODOL PAINTING COMPETITION

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all the Boys and Girls who competed in this Competition. Those who were unsuccessful in winning either a Cash or Consolation Prize will shortly be receiving a surprise parcel from Uncle ODOL.

Everyone will receive a very interesting booklet, "The Teeth and Their Care," and we want you to give this to Mother.

When you have finished the ODOL Mouth Wash and ODOL Tooth Paste that is being sent to everyone who entered the Competition, you will be able to obtain a further supply from any chemist.

FREE COUPON

CRANBUX Ltd., Westwick Street, Norwich.

Please send me your three weeks' trial Tube of ODOL Tooth Paste.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

RESULTS OF THE ODOL PAINTING AND CRAYON COMPETITION

CASH PRIZES

CLASS THREE (£4 each).—Elsie Price, Chester; Alexander J. Smith, Stonehaven, Scot.; Dorothy Galloway, Carmarthen; Alberta Keep, Brixton; Kathleen Gurr, Leicester.

CLASS TWO (£3 each).—Hazel W. Harrison, Birmingham; Muriel Keen, Romford; Margaret M. Leech, Upper Tooting; Jean McGee, Southampton; Ethel Greenham, Finsbury, E.C.2.

CLASS ONE (£2 each).—Peter Raisin, Finchley, N.3; Brian Loveridge, Helensburgh; Donald Stevens, Chudleigh; Jean Wattie, Rogerstone; Richard A. Wollheim, Walton-on-Thames.

CONSOLATION PRIZES

An ODOL Gift Casket

CLASS THREE.—Kathleen C. Brown, Hale; Kathlyn Holmes, Bournemouth; Hilda Jolliffe, Sheffield; Atholl McCallum, Perth; Gertrude M. Metcalf, Birmingham; Berry Duncan, Musselburgh; Ellen Burt, Edinburgh; Kenneth Platts, Chesterfield; Ruth Dean, Streatham, S.W.16; Doris Mackend, Troon; James W. Duffy, Birmingham; Isabella Hutchinson, Skelmersdale; Dorothy Hadfield, Oxford; Esmeralda Gribble, Plymouth; Mona A. Moore, Norwich; Dorothy Haffner, Stourport; Dorothy Abell, Hinckley; J. Pearce, Bourne; Betty Pewsey, Tunbridge Wells; Meta Bliss, Streatham, S.W.16.

CLASS TWO.—A. M. Tirard, Chiswick, W.4; Peter B. Podd, Bedford; Clarence Collett, Cosham; Betty Wattie, Rogerstone; Kathleen Hunt, S. Leeds; Ronald H. S. Phillips, New Barnet; Kathlen Ricketts, Haddenham, Oxon; Eileen Armstrong, Swanwick; Kathleen Flower, Bude; Phyllis Mower, Ashton-u.-Lyne; Pat Allen, Stretford; Dolores Tyatt Tilby, Frinton; Doris Clegg, Portsmouth; Muriel Lawton, Ashton-upon-Mersey; Bly Spiller, Reading.

CLASS ONE.—Eveline Wright, Cardiff; Kenneth H. Oliver, Norwich; Tony Jennings, Farnborough; Nellie McEwan, Portsmouth; Evelyn Payne, Birmingham; Elizabeth Allingham, Londonderry; John Broderick, Edgware; Douglas Unwin, Totley, nr. Sheffield; Lawrence Brown, New Basford; Joyce Little, London, N.4; Lydia Oakley, Botley; Joan Weston, Ashton-on-Mersey; Trevor Briddow, Ealing, W.5; Dorothy Jervis, Rawtenstall; Leslie Wilcock, Widnes.

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small to force himself through. At any rate it gave a little light, enough for him to see his surroundings. Next thing was to find whether there was anything drinkable in the place. A tin of fruit or tomatoes, for instance.

Alas! there was nothing of the sort. He found flour, sugar, tea, biscuits, and salt pork in quantities, but nothing that was of any use to allay his thirst. His heart sank at the thought of a whole night with nothing to drink; but Jim was not the sort to give way to despair.

As he prowled round his narrow prison he spotted a number of small square cardboard boxes on a shelf. They were cartridges, and all of a sudden Jim remembered that Chi Ling had hidden the red pearls in a cartridge. A box covered with blue paper, the Chinaman had said. These boxes were brown, but a very brief search showed two blue boxes behind the others. One was half empty, but the other full. Jim listened a moment to make sure no one was near, then quickly cut open the box and, picking out the cartridges one by one, gave each a shake.

One rattled, and with his knife Jim dug out the wad. Next moment the three great crimson globes were in his hand. For a moment excitement left him breathless, but only for a moment, then he dropped the pearls back into their hiding-place and covered them with the wad. He had barely done this when he heard the bolt being drawn in the hatch.

Quickly he thrust the cartridge into his pocket. There was no time to put the box back, so he pushed it under the nearest packing-case. He was sitting quietly on the case when the hatch was drawn back and Jansen's great face appeared in the opening.

"Supper is being prepared," remarked the Dutchman with sneering politeness. "You can perhaps smell the coffee, my young English friend."

Jim could smell the coffee all right and the scent nearly maddened him, but he was not going to let Jansen know that.

"I'm very comfortable, thanks," he said.

"I would ask you to supper with me if you are ready to talk," said Jansen.

"Very kind of you," returned Jim, "but I prefer my own company."

The smile faded from Jansen's face.

"So!" he snarled. "But you will sing a different song before morning." Down went

Continued in the last column

JACKO'S HALF-CROWN

JACKO lay on the hillside, feeling distinctly pleased with himself.

He had just earned half a crown and was wondering what he should do with it.

It was a piping hot day and he was longing for an unlimited supply of gingerbeer; but, on the other hand, he badly wanted a new cricket bat.

He was trying to make up his mind



A frisky young goat rushed down the hill

when a frisky young goat rushed down the hill, butted into him, and sent him head over heels in a double somersault.

Jacko picked himself up and wandered on till he found a shady tree; and there he curled up and fell fast asleep.

When he woke he was feeling thirstier than ever; as he went down the hill it was all he could do to keep his hand out of his pocket.

Suddenly, by the stile, his eye fell on something bright. It was a half-crown!

"My luck's in!" cried Jacko, swooping down and picking it up. "I can have my drink and my bat too!"

It was a good hour before the young rascal got home.

"Where have you been?" demanded his mother. "We finished tea long ago."

"That's all right," replied Jacko. "I'm not hungry."

"He's been to the tuck shop," declared Adolphus.

Jacko grinned. "Found half a crown in the meadow," he said.

"Fancy that!" cried Mother Jacko. "But I thought you were saving up for a bat, dear."

"That's all right," said Jacko. "I've got another for that—a chap gave it to me for carrying his bag to the station," he added, diving into his pocket. "Here it is."

But it wasn't—all he found was a hole!

"It must have dropped out," he stammered. "I'll go and see if I can find it."

"You have found it," roared Adolphus—"and spent it."

Poor Jacko! And so he had, for the half-crown he had found was the one he had lost!

the hatch with a bang and Jim heard his heavy tread overhead as he stamped away up the deck.

Jim put the cartridge box back on the shelf and, seating himself on the floor with his back against the wall, tried to sleep. He found it impossible. Each time he dozed off he woke with a choking in his throat. It was many hours since he had had a drink, and in this heat all the moisture had oozed out of his body. Although the sun was down the heat was as bad as ever, and there was no ventilation in this hole. He felt he could not last alive till morning, and the prospect drove him to fresh action. If there had been anything in the shape of an axe he would have tried to cut his way out, but there was not. He could not even break the scuttle, which would at least have let in some fresh air.

All of a sudden an idea flashed through his head, a perfectly crazy idea, yet the only one which seemed to offer the faintest chance of escape. Up he got and began lifting the boxes of cartridges down from the shelf. He emptied out the cartridges and set to work to cut them open. The shot he threw away, the powder he poured upon a piece of sacking. Bit by bit the pile increased until, by the time he had finished them, he had well over a pound-weight of powder. A little of this he laid aside to make a train, the bulk he wrapped tightly in the canvas and laid it against the porthole. His idea was to blow this out, casing and all, then jump into the sea and take his chance on the beach. But powder, when fired, blows upward, and Jim knew that he must have tamping to hold the force of the explosion against the port. He set to work to tear canvas from the packages and, rolling it up into tight wads, jammed it into the opening.

All this took a long time and before he had finished darkness had fallen. Then he had to lay the train. By this time he was feeling so bad he could hardly stand. It was not only heat and thirst from which he was suffering, the air in this close place was nearly exhausted and Jim's head was throbbing dreadfully. If his plan failed, if the scuttle did not burst, the smoke from the explosion would finish him. But anything was better than this torture.

He laid his train, carrying it right across the room, then he took out his matchbox.

TO BE CONTINUED



HIGH FINANCE
— *among the babies*

FORTUNATELY, the children do not bother their little heads about financial problems. But Father and Mother have to—and if they are wise, they are investing regularly each week in Savings Certificates to give the little ones a good start in life when they grow older.

NATIONAL Savings CERTIFICATES

National Savings Certificates can be obtained in single documents representing 1, 5, 10, 25, 50 and 100 Certificates costing 16/-, £4, £8, £20, £40 and £80 respectively. They can be obtained from any Money Order Post Office, or Bank, or through a Savings Association.



Please use this coupon NOW for Trial Sample of

Mason's Extract of Herbs

AND MAKE

ONE GALLON

PRIME Non-Alcoholic BEER

A DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE.

COUPON

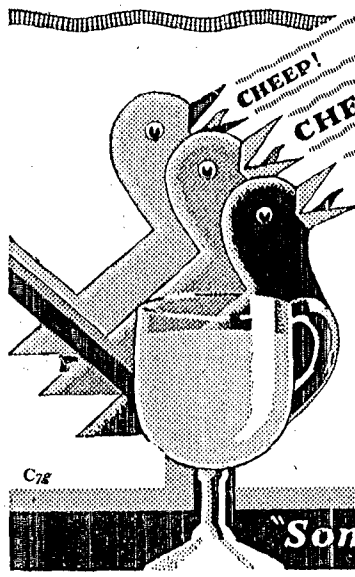
NEWBALL & MASON, Ltd., NOTTINGHAM.

Please send sufficient MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS AND YEAST for making one gallon of Prime Beer 4d. enclosed for postage, etc. Address of nearest retailer will be sent with each Sample.

Name & Address in Block Letters.

Children's Newspaper

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-and so nutritious!

BIRD'S

is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks

"Something to sing about"

C7g

Play up and play the game

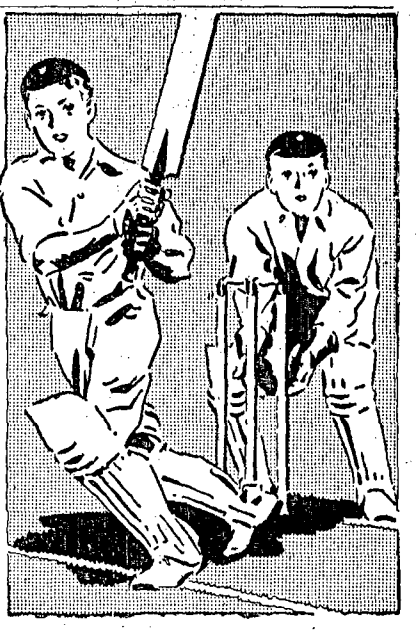
A piece of Wrigley's Chewing Gum in the mouth helps you to play your best. The pure, cool flavour refreshes you – keeps you on your toes till stumps are drawn.

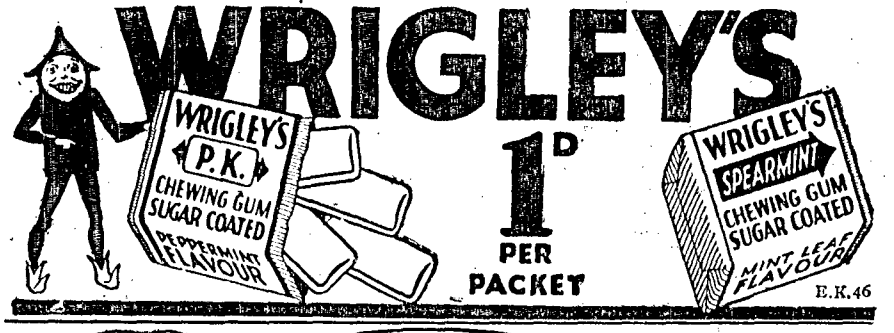
Wrigley's is also good for you "after every meal"— because it aids digestion and cleanses the teeth.

In two flavours—P.K., a pure peppermint flavour—and Spearmint, a pure mint leaf flavour. Only 1d. a packet, but the finest quality money can buy.

THE FLAVOUR LASTS.

British Made





WRIGLEY'S 1D PER PACKET

E.K.46

V.6B

VAPEX
[REG. TRADE MARK]
INHALANT

Everybody knows that "Vapex" is good for colds, but the "Magic Drop" has many other valuable uses.

Keep "Vapex" at hand in the summer as well as in winter, because it will enable you to avoid

Catarrh

This is very prevalent in summer-time, and the dust in the air is highly irritating unless the delicate mucous membrane is cleansed and protected with the antiseptic "Vapex" vapour.

Hay Fever

People subject to this complaint will find "Vapex" gives great relief, whilst its regular use affords a wonderful measure of protection.

Insect Stings

Mosquitoes and other insects are repelled by the "Vapex" vapour. If you have been stung, a drop of "Vapex" applied to the affected part will give great relief and act as a valuable emergency antiseptic.

Of Chemists, 2/- & 3/- per bottle

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD., BARDSLEY VALE

THE *Stamp Collector's Corner*

FOR 50 YEARS We have been sending out sheets of stamps on approval. Every stamp we sell is fully guaranteed, is specially selected and priced at the lowest possible figure. Ask for some to be sent you for inspection. For 30 days (abroad 90 days), we will present **absolutely free** to all applicants enclosing 1½d. for postage, a beautiful **first issue Costa Rica** stamp if the application is addressed to **Department 51, ERRINGTON & MARTIN, SOUTH HACKNEY, LONDON, E.9.** *Established* 1880.

ORIENTAL PACKET

Contains 30 splendid stamps of the Orient only, pictorials, etc. Sets of PALESTINE, EGYPT, and TURKEY, including high values, 6 ALGERIA, new and obsolete IRAQ, SYRIA (fine), MECCA (quaint-looking stamp), 4 PERSIA, LEVANT (obsolete), 8 TUNIS (pictorials and new issues), etc., 4½d. Postage 2d. extra. **Purchasers of this packet**, asking for approvals, will receive **FREE** 10 BEAUTIFUL MOROCCO (Air Post, Mosques, Minarettes, etc.), usually sold at 1/-. Senders of addresses of stamp-collecting friends receive an additional set free.—**H. C. WATKINS (C.N. Dept.), Granville Road, BARNET.**

FREE. **20 FRENCH COLONIES**

Including new issues and many obsolete varieties that are no longer issued. Every stamp a perfect picture in itself. I will send this collection ABSOLUTELY FREE to all stamp collectors sending 2d. postage.

One Gift to each applicant only.

C. P. KEEF, Mortimer Lodge, Wimbledon Park, London, S.W.19.

FREE Six Mint Colonials FREE

I send FREE SIX MINT BRITISH COLONIALS, one each from KEDAH, ZANZIBAR, Kenya, TURKS & CAICOS Is., SOUDAN and CAYMAN ISLANDS—and ALL MINT, to any collector at Home or Abroad sending a postcard for my large Illustrated Price List (No. 8) containing over 1,200 items; Stamps, Albums, Sets Packets, Accessories—in fact EVERYTHING FOR THE STAMP COLLECTOR. Prices from 1d (over 200 sets at 1d. each) to 40/-. Send a postcard only—no cash—and ask for No. 212. **EDWARD SANDELL, 10-11, FETTER LANE, LONDON, E.C.4.**

RARE 4/- RHODESIA
cat. value 13s. 6d.
GIVEN AWAY

This fine stamp is given **FREE** to every **25th APPLICANT** for our **FREE PACKET** of **50 dif. STAMPS**, including Roumania (late boy king) and old Rhodesia (cat. 1/-). Send 1½d. postage, and ask for "Bumper" approvals. **SPECIAL!** 500 dif. French Colonies, mounted in booklet 15/-, very fine, or pick any 100 at 1d. each, or over this number ½d. each.

HARRY BURGESS & Co., Dept. B26, New Malden, Surrey

FINE PACKETS

50 diff. Queen Victoria stamps, 1/6; 60 diff. King Edward stamps, 2/6; 100 diff. King George stamps, 2/6; 100 foreign celebrities, 2/6; 7 Map stamps, 5d.; 24 Agricultural stamps, 1/3; 22 ships, planes, locos., 1/-; 17 Statues, 1/-; 27 Zoo stamps, 1/-; 19 Buildings, 1/3; 38 beautiful views, 2/6.

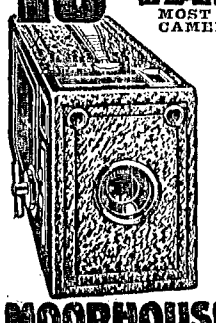
PLEASE ADD POSTAGE WHEN ORDERING

FREE.—Big list of hundreds of other sets and packets.

STANLEY GIBBONS, LTD.,
Dept. 107, 391, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.



10/- VALUE for 5/-



MOST AMAZING CAMERA OFFER.

Daylight loading. Takes any make of Roll Film. With genuine Meniscus Lens, Time and Instantaneous Shutter, two View Finders and Leather Handle. All improvements. Takes wonderfully clear, sharp-detail photos. A child can use it. Only 500 to sell. Takes 2¼ x 1⅝ ins. photos. **PRICE 5/-.** Postage 6d. ex. or 2/9 now and 2/9 after trial. **Larger Size** (with free Portrait Attachment), takes 3¼ x 2¼ ins. photos, **7/6**, post 6d. Instructions with each. MONEY BACK TERMS. Send for free Catalogue of Novelties, etc. Hundreds other bargains.

MOORHOUSES, PADIHAM, LANCS Room No. 67.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1¼lb. 5/6, 3 lbs. 10/9. Excellent for Jumpers, Socks, &c. White, 3/10 lb. Superior Mixtures, 4/11 lb., post free. PURE WOOL SERGES from 2/11½ to 27/11 yard. Reliable Tweeds, Flannels, Cottons, Tailoring, etc.

Patterns sent with pleasure.

NEARLY 60 YEARS' REPUTATION.

EGERTON BURNETTS, N.C. Dept. — Egerton Burnetts Royal Ale Serges — Wellington, SOMERSET, ENGLAND.

MEMORIES

BY AN EX-SERVICE MAN

6d., post free 7d.

THE CROWN PRESS, KEIGHLEY, Yorks.

THE RIGHT FOOD FOR BABY

Mellin's Food

THE FOOD THAT FEEDS

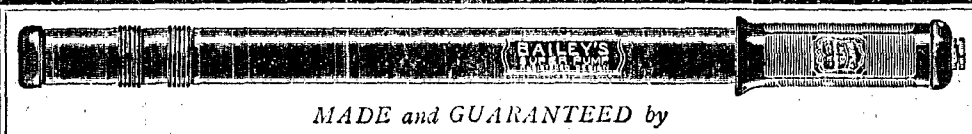
SEND THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

This coupon entitles you to a free sample of Mellin's Food and an interesting booklet "How to Feed the Baby," which every Mother should have. Post it now to Mellin's Food Ltd., Dept. F/64, London, S.E.15.

Name.....

Address.....

.....*Baby's age*.....



MADE and GUARANTEED by

The APEX INFLATOR CO., LTD., Aldridge Road, Perry Barr, Birmingham.

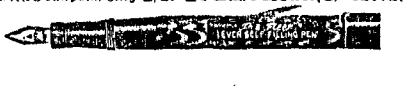
BAILEY'S "SUPER" PUMP

Celluloid covered, 15 x ⅞ in. With Steel Lining **2/3** each. With Aluminium Lining **2/6** each. The Metal Linings are solid drawn from a Metal Blank, cartridge fashion. Cannot warp.

CUT THIS OUT

CHILDREN'S PEN COUPON. **VALUE 3d.**

Send 5 of these coupons with only 2/9 (and 2d. stamp) direct to the **FLEET PEN CO., 119, Fleet Street, E.C.4.** By return you will receive a handsome Lever Self-Filling **FLEET S.F. PEN** with Solid Gold Nib (Fine, Medium, or Broad), usually 10/6. Fleet price 4/-, or with 5 coupons only 2/9. **De Luxe Model, 2/- extra.**



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The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

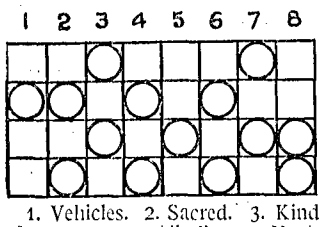
July 5, 1930 . . Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year. (Canada 14s)

THE BRAN TUB

Squares and Circles

PLACE vowels in the circles and consonants in the squares so that when the eight vertical words have been found correctly from the definitions given the first and last horizontal lines spell the names of two kinds of tree.



1. Vehicles. 2. Sacred. 3. Kind of poem. 4. Alkali. 5. Neat. 6. Roman emperor. 7. Employer. 8. Large plant. *Answer next week*

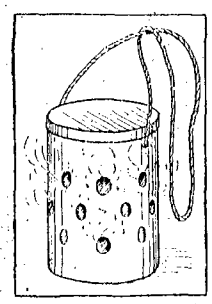
Do You Live at Royston?

THIS name is said to mean the town of Roysia or Roese, a lady about whom, however, nothing is known. Probably she was a distinguished person who lived in the district in the Middle Ages.

If the Camp Fire is Low

WHEN there are only a few smouldering embers on a camp fire and you wish to get a blaze quickly here is a little worth-while hint.

Collect the embers which have any sign of red on them and put them in a tin can like that shown in the picture. This is just a tin with holes punched in the side and a long piece of string, the ends of which are attached to holes in the top of the can. Place small sticks, dead leaves, or any moderately dry material, in the can with the embers, then swing the whole thing round and round as rapidly as possible. The air rushing in through the holes in the can soon makes the contents glow with a fierce heat. Tip out on to the fire and you will have the start of a good blaze.



Writing a Novel

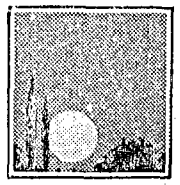
AN author wrote a novel of 100,000 words, writing 5000 words a day for the first eight days. He then slowed down, and so took twice as long to do the complete work as he would otherwise have done.

How many words a day did he do after the first eight days?

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the morning the planet Mars is in the East. In the evening Venus is in the North-West, Neptune is in the West, and Saturn is in the South-East. Our picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 11 p.m. on July 10.



Facts About the Sea

FIVE-SEVENTHS of the Earth's surface is covered by the sea.

The total volume of water is uncertain. Estimates vary between twelve and five hundred cubic miles.

In parts of the Atlantic it is 40,000 feet deep; in the English Channel it is only a few hundred feet deep.

Plant life exists only to a depth of 700 feet, but animal life is abundant even in the lowest depths.

The Glow-Worm

IN summer evenings a green-blue glow may often be seen shining among the leaves. It indicates the presence of the glow-worm, which emits the light from luminous spots at the end of its body.

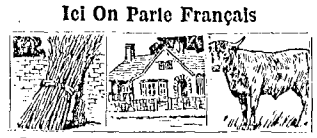
The glow is strongest in the female insect, and although naturalists are not certain of the reason for its existence it is generally believed that it serves to attract the male to the female

The glow-worm is a species of beetle, and in its larval state it is very useful to the farmer because it feeds on snails.

A Strange Thing

ALL seek me, and all misuse me. All have me, some longer than others. I pass quickly and yet I live for ever. I am invisible, yet you know when I pass. You cannot perform even the smallest action without me. *Answer next week*

Ici On Parle Français



Le fagot La chaumière indienne Le bœuf

On a mis le fagot contre le mur
Il habite une chaumière indienne
Les bœufs sont attelés au chariot

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Diagonal Acrostic

E n t i c e
e X t e n d
w o E f u l
w a n T e d
w e a s E l
c r a t e R

Word Square

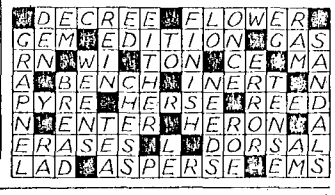
L O A F
O G R E
A R E A
F E A T

A Divided Word

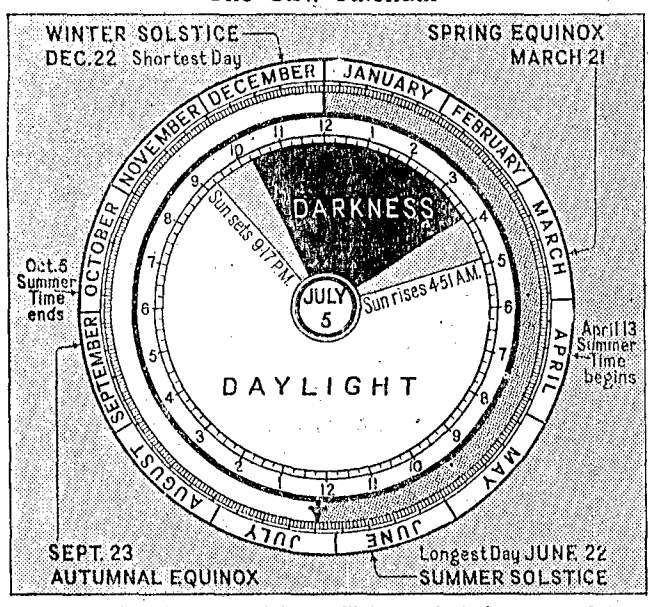
Bestride Best ride

A Journey to Eastbourne 63 miles

C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



The C.N. Calendar



THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on July 5. The arrow shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

DR MERRYMAN

The Point of View

THE knife-grinder met an old friend.

"How are things with you?" asked the friend.

"Splendid," was the reply. "Everything's as dull as can be."

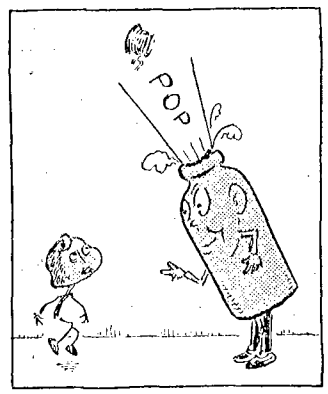
The Proof of the Pudding

THE new maid said she could cook and so she was told to prepare a meal.

That evening, as the lady of the house was serving a mysterious-looking dish, she explained that Jane had taken the recipe out of the cookery book.

"She did the right thing," said her husband a few moments later; "it should never have been there."

The Nervous Chocolate



THE Chocolate Cream has feeble nerves,
So in the sweetstuff shop
It always makes him jump to hear
The Ginger Beer go pop!

Number, Please

MRS NEWRICH had social ambitions.

"Actually, Mrs De Smythe, we are connected with some of the very best families," she said to a new acquaintance.

"Really?" was the cool reply. "By telephone, I suppose?"

Correct

TEACHER: How many sides has an octagon?

Bright Pupil: Eight, sir.

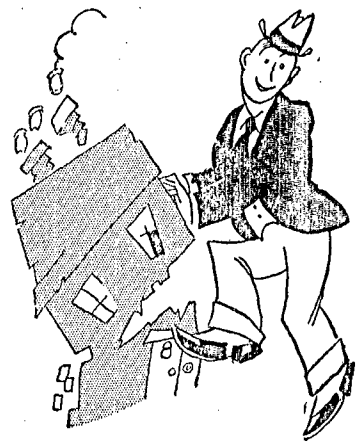
Teacher: How many sides has a circle?

Bright Pupil: Two, sir—an outside and an inside.

Absent-Mindedness

JONES: Have you heard the tale of the absent-minded professor who went to step in his car and fell over because it wasn't there?

Robinson: No; but did you hear of the man who struck a match to see if he had switched off the electric light?

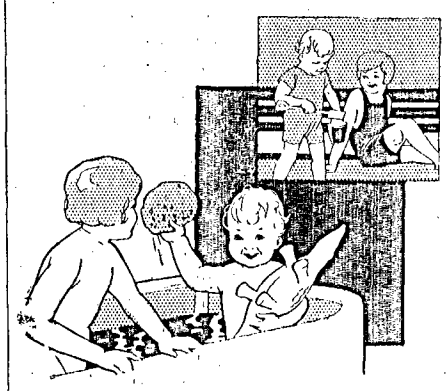


Perfect health and strength at length,
In fact he goes from strength to strength

Do you feel as though you could push over a house? Are you brimming over with health? If not, a cup of the "Allenburys" Diet taken at 11 a.m. and again at 10 p.m. each day will provide quickly that extra power which is required to effect a successful push in the strenuous game of life. Prepared in a moment with boiling water it is an invigorating and refreshing tonic food beverage containing an ample proportion of the essential Vitamin D.

"Allenburys" The DIET

EASY TO MAKE. PLEASANT TO TAKE.
In tins at 2/1, 4/- and 7/6 of all Chemists.
Allen & Hanburys Ltd., London, E.2



THE KIDDIES GO PADDLING TO-DAY-
UP IN THE BATHROOM

It's "paddling day" for the kiddies—up in the bathroom with Tidman's. They're splashing about in real sea water, and you can trust their young minds to make it "a real sea," with the tide rolling up the beach. Tidman's is so invigorating, so energising, so good for growing limbs, and those adult limbs that won't grow any more. Strengthening, too, and refreshing—a positive relief for burning feet, rheumatism, and stiffness. Try a course of real sea baths with Tidman's—it's nearly as enjoyable as going to the coast.

TIDMAN'S SEA SALT

From Chemists and Stores.
In Cartons 1/-, 1/9 & 3/-
TIDMAN & SON, LIMITED,
69, Basinghall Street,
London, E.C.2.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE NEST IN THE JUNGLE

CAPTAIN TURNBULL was lying back in a deck-chair in the verandah of a hospital in India. Though he was dressed, his head was bandaged and his face was pale.

He was a big-game hunter, but one who only shot one kind of big game, man-eating tigers.

He was suffering from an injury to his ear-drum, and was still under treatment at the hospital when messengers arrived from a distant village, asking him to come to kill a tigress who had forsaken her natural prey and turned man-eater. She had taken between eighty and ninety people, watching round the village to catch a native alone, walking boldly down the street when the menfolk had gone to the fields, carrying off women and children, one by one.

Such a call was not to be refused by Turnbull.

In a few hours he was on foot in a low jungle looking for the tigress. He had only Ishmail, a native hunter, or shikari, with him.

Ishmail had just said that he thought the tigress was not far away when Captain Turnbull's attention was attracted by something else—two little olive-green birds with long tails, flitting and chirping mournfully round a thorn bush.

The big-game hunter was very fond of birds. He looked at their little nest hanging on a branch of the thorn. It was beautifully made of three big leaves stitched together by fibre by the Darzee-birds.

They had lined the cup with fine grass and cotton fluff, and had made it a dainty cradle for the nestlings which they hoped to have. But there was a flaw in the stuff, or the stitchery; perhaps it was the first the tailor-birds had ever sewn. Two little pinky-white eggs had slipped out, and lay on the sand beneath.

Captain Turnbull stooped to pick up the eggs, and as he rose he saw the great striped mask of the tigress only two or three yards away. She was looking at him as mildly as if the tale of the ninety natives had been mere fiction.

But her eyes narrowed, her body flattened itself for a spring. What was the captain to do with the birds' eggs? The Darzees must have their chance, even though it seemed a small one.

He put the eggs gently into his mouth, fired and killed the tigress stone-dead.

"See, sahib!" said Ishmail, a few minutes later, "all her pads are wounded and torn. That is why she became a man-eater. She could not pull down the deer."

The captain nodded, his mouth was still full of eggs. He took them out intact, and placed them carefully in the nest. The Darzee-birds would have their little ones that year.

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S.S.